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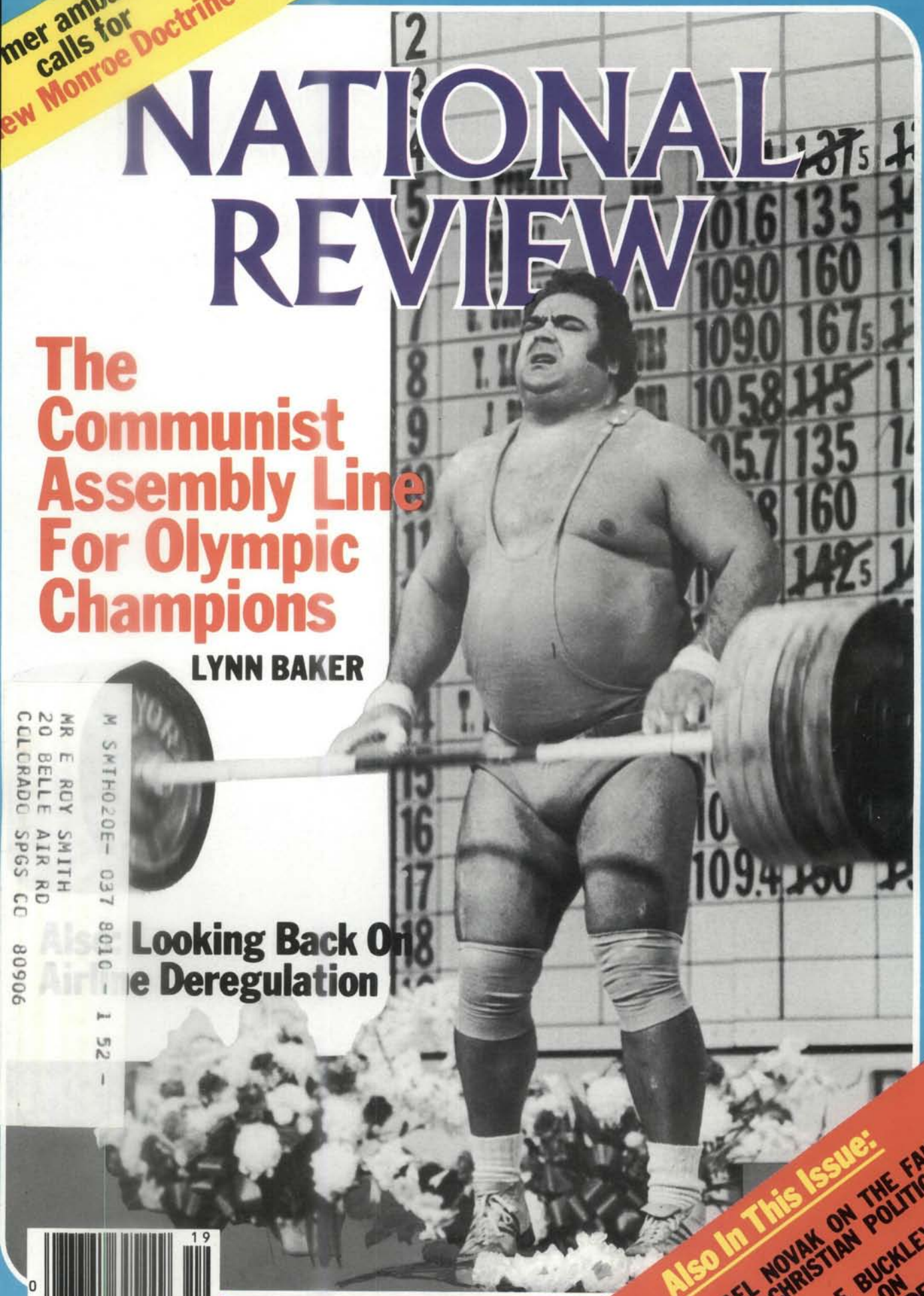
mer ambassador calls for ew Monroe Doctrine — See Page 600

NATIONAL REVIEW

The Communist Assembly Line For Olympic Champions

LYNN BAKER



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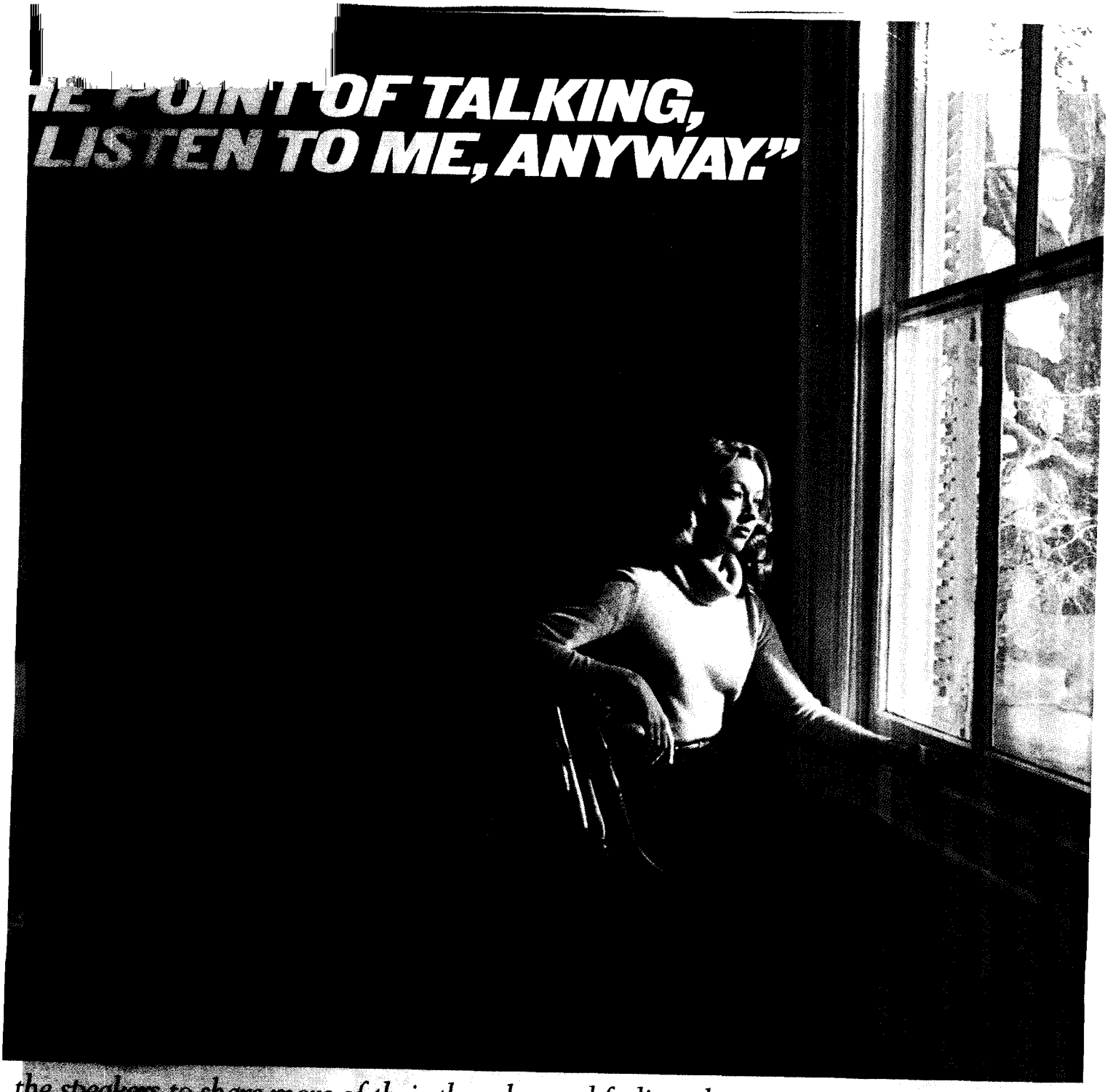

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Almost by chance, the United States Government discovered the virtues of deregulation in the airline industry. As a result, the Civil Aeronautics Board will, as of 1984, take the unusual step, for a federal bureaucracy, of liquidating itself. Other bureaucracies and other countries stand to learn from this happy episode. It all began in Bermuda in 1946 . . . *Peter C. Bruce & David Traynham*

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Letters

Unanswered Question

Richard Walker ["What We Should Know about China," May 2] argues persuasively that the Chinese are, well, different. A question to the house: Is Walker's thesis any different from the arguments we've heard, year in and year out, that Soviet foreign policy is "really" only an extension of Czarist policy? What becomes of the "Third World War," the "world revolution," and all those other concepts in my lovingly dog-eared volumes of James Burnham? Would Chiang Kai-shek have invaded Tibet?

In short: What influence *has* Communism had on the Middle Kingdom's attitude toward the barbarians?

Sophia Klees
Athens, Ohio

Sour Milk, Not Sour Grapes

Thanks to Mona Charen's memo to WFB re *NR*'s ground rules for the "Letters" department ["Notes & Asides," April 18], many of *NR*'s readers now know why some of their best efforts never made it into print—they were either too long or on a topic that had not been covered in NATIONAL REVIEW.

While this may seem to some (including me) a rather restrictive editorial policy—*NR* can't touch *all* the bases, and readers might be able to bring neglected matters to light—I suppose any magazine has to have some rules, and, after all, you can cover quite a lot of ground in three hundred words.

Thanks, Mona. You saved a lot of good milk from going sour for those readers who were wondering about all those unpublished letters.

J. B. Jett
Knoxville, Tenn.

Irritant

I can't help wondering why Mr. Brookhiser was chosen to write an article about Governor Ronald Reagan [Feb. 22], since what he wrote seemed to be designed to irritate most Americans who think, read, and talk about the dastardly things going on today against this country and us all.

We have nobody else running for President that could do a better job than Governor Reagan. *NR* should be pointing out his good points.

E. Copeland
Roswell, Ga.

The job of a reporter is to bring out all a candidate's points, good and bad. I described Ronald Reagan (accurately) as gracious, modest, in favor of tax cuts, opposed to a weak foreign policy, not given to "simplistic answers," and capable of giving the Republican Party an "infusion" of support it "desperately needs." All those are good points in my book—for which you should of course thank Reagan, not me. —RB

Won Over

I was overjoyed to read Max Lerner's guest editorial in your April 18 issue, wherein he predicts a Reagan victory in November and "the end of the affair that has been going on between the American people and the liberal dream since Franklin Roosevelt . . ." I am thrilled because this just goes to show how even a redoubtable warhorse of the Left can be illuminated by the sweet reason of the Right when he is intensively exposed to it; as, I am bound to say, Mr. Lerner was during the several years of our running debates (cf. Lincoln-Douglas for aptest comparison).

Tickled pink, as it were, I am yr. hble. servt.,

F. Reid Buckley
Camden, S.C.

Bravo

Richard Brookhiser's brilliant portraits of the 1980 presidential contenders were the finest political reporting I have read this year and the best I have *ever* read in *NR*.

Brookhiser is a gifted, incisive journalist and a credit to *NR*'s talented staff. I look forward to his future good work.

By the way, I have been a loyal subscriber of *NR*'s since I was a freshman in college (1969). Perhaps that will refute Mr. McFadden's "demographic" characterization of our beloved Kentucky as a "non-reading" state ["Notes & Asides," April 18].

Bob Heleringer
Kentucky State Representative
Louisville, Ky.

The Untold Story

I applaud you for exposing the plight of the Vashchenko and Chmykhalov families inside the United States Embassy in Moscow ["The Guests in the Basement," March 21, 1980, and "Down and Out in the American Embassy," Aug. 31, 1979]. Is the State Department really so naïve as to believe that its despicable treatment of the poor and defenseless endears us to the Russians? The shameful conduct of our high-ranking State Department officials is almost unbelievable. One tends to wonder which country they really represent.

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Thank you again for alerting us to the plight of the Vashchenkos and Chmykhalovs. But for NATIONAL REVIEW, their story would never have reached so many.

John C. Bell
Montgomery, Ala.

Of Tar and Brushes

Has it become *de rigueur* for NATIONAL REVIEW writers to say nasty things about libertarians, even when admitting that there might just be something to our ideas? Joseph Sobran certainly cannot resist doing so in his review of *The Politicization of Society* [April 18]. He writes that libertarians are "easy to mock" and proceeds to dismiss our position on civil liberties with the demon-word "counterculture." He continues in this vein, saying, "If only so many of them didn't fall into the trap of thinking libertarian politics somehow requires libertine morals. I have never understood why the position that my neighbor's morals are none of the state's business is thought to imply that they are none of *my* business."

This charge that libertarians are nothing more than a group of immoralists whose political outlook is dominated by their desire to be left alone to pursue their vices seems to be rising to the level of one of those facts that everyone knows, but just isn't so. It is no part of libertarian theory to tell the individual what his concerns must or must not be. In a libertarian society, nothing would prevent Mr. Sobran from using his resources to try to persuade people not to smoke marijuana, or whatever. I would probably join him in the effort. All we oppose is governmental interference with people's private lives.

The fact that some "leftish" elements support us because they wish to indulge in proscribed behavior is as irrelevant to the merits of the argument as, let us say, was the fact that some overtly racist elements supported Senator Goldwater because of his vote against the Civil Rights Act of 1964 on constitutional grounds. I know that *NR* cried foul when the news media tarred the Senator for the sins of some of his supporters. Please refrain from doing the same thing to libertarians.

George C. Leef
Wheeling, Ill.

I stand by what I said—though I distinguish it from what Mr. Leef says I said. There is no logical connection between libertarianism and libertinism—although some libertarians may think so.

The Libertarian Review *(for instance) occasionally seems to imply that homosexuality is a fine thing. My point is that a rational libertarianism has to be compelling to those who* don't *think it's a fine thing. After all, liberty always means recognizing certain spheres within which*

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people may do things that are downright evil.

When I call them "easy to mock," I am not mocking but cautioning against mockery. It took me quite a while myself to learn to ignore the ludicrous and eccentric. —JS

To Anderson's Defense

Having followed to the end Mr. Richard Brookhiser's excellent series of portraits of the presidential candidates, I wanted to write to express my appreciation for a set of articles that, in its exuberant play of language, upholds the tradition of Tory wit set by his editor, and, in its incisive observations of the style and substance of the current political scene, is on a par with any political reportage since Mencken. Bravo!

That said, I'd like to add that Brookhiser's piece on John Anderson [April 18] was marred, as none of his others were, by a tendency to take the fast, cheap shot at that ambiguously liberal Republican. There are many examples; let me stick to two.

Brookhiser faults Anderson for praising "gun control whenever a news camera and an audience of gun-owning straightmen coincide"; this is for Brookhiser a case of "playing the media. . . . You lose three hundred votes, pick up a million, and Walter Cronkite calls you a hero." No way for Anderson to win that one, surely, for had he, insincerely and inconsistently, played the crowd instead, you can bet that Brookhiser would have called him a hypocrite. Is there any evidence that, before the cameras started following Anderson around, he *opposed* gun control? If not, Brookhiser's implication that he would, or did, is unfair.

Anderson's stand in favor of abortion, too, does not deserve the ridicule with which Brookhiser reports it. Male politicians who stand up to the anti-abortion political action groups may not literally be "putting their bodies on the line for women," but they are certainly putting their careers in jeopardy. It's safer, as most of the other Republican candidates have found, to hedge the matter in such a way as to offend neither pro-life nor pro-choice groups. Brookhiser may deplore Anderson's position—I suspect he does—but surely Anderson's taking a solid stance on a deeply divisive issue is worthy of respect, not contempt.

It's interesting, I think, that Brookhiser's article on Kennedy never descended to this unfortunate level. Perhaps Kennedy was simply a warmer and more likable fellow than Anderson, and the prospect of his long march to political oblivion was touching, even—perhaps especially—in a political enemy. Anderson, on the other hand, is a cuckoo in the conservative nest, and the rhetoric of ridicule and innuendo could be justified as foul means used against foul treason. For my part, though, I would have been happier had Brookhiser been content to argue Anderson's views rather than attacking, in rhetoric that almost precludes debate, his motives and character.

David H. Richter
Flushing, N.Y.

I never claimed that Anderson was inconsistent—that, having trampled on the Second Amendment before a coven of the NRA, he would turn around and brandish a pistol on the floor of the Yale Political Union. I simply refused to go along with the rest of the media in calling him "courageous." Attacking special-interest groups which the media also attack is not bravery, but prudence. It doesn't work the other way around—no one called Barry Goldwater courageous for criticizing Social Security in 1964.

One doesn't have to be anti-abortion to be offended by Anderson's sanctimonious rhetoric. When real bodies are being operated upon, it takes a remarkably deaf ear, or a remarkably huge ego, or both, to use that particular metaphor. When Ted Kennedy becomes that pompous, the Tory wits will descend on him with equal vituperation. —RB

Mutual Quotation

One of the more ominous aspects of the conservative culture in America is that we, among ourselves, do not write enough about one another, do not appreciate one another enough, are not even each sufficiently aware of what the others are doing and accomplishing. Your editorial [April 4] "Squeaky Sweeney" is a good example of this art of ignoring what should be emphasized. If, when writing about the Left's guilt in fostering the vices of violence, terrorism, and large-scale murder, one fails to put Otto Scott's *The Secret Six: John Brown and the Abolitionist Movement* (Times Books/Quadrangle) into the context, both conservative dialectics and general knowledge are ill-served. Scott's book is a *tour de force* in its compilation of evidence for the historical connection between utopian liberalism—the precursor of today's radical Left—and vicious criminal militancy whose sanctimonious murderousness has bred so much mishap in the world today. Speaking of the sinfulness of the American Left without mentioning Mr. Scott is a deplorable omission.

Leopold Tyrmand
Editor, Chronicles of Culture
Rockford, Ill.

Please note that M. Stanton Evans repaired NR*'s omission a couple of issues later, in his "Dark Horses" for May 2.* —LB

1979
National Review
INDEX

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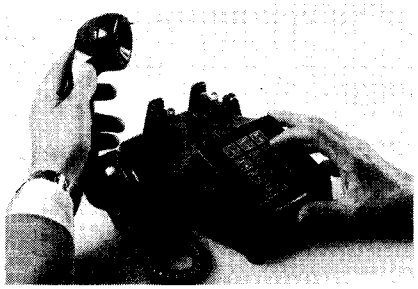

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An Academic Don Rickles

I must admit that John Greenway's ["The Honest Man's Guide to Plagiarism," Dec 21] basic style of writing, which seems to assume that humor consists in insulting as many people as possible, as illogically as possible (in this case, ignoring the difference between *plagiarism*, theft which hopes to pass undetected, and *allusion* which is pointless if the reference is not recognized), does not appeal to me. Thus I suppose it is possible that I may be missing some other form of intended humor in a couple of his remarks—but I think it more likely that he is simply in error, which is the more annoying in someone who is so terribly harsh on everyone else.

Greenway writes at one point: "Winston [Churchill]'s 'blood, sweat, and tears' . . . was anticipated at least four times, first by John Donne, and later by Byron, who stole it from Garibaldi . . ." Lord Byron was a man of many talents, and Mr. Greenway has previously told us that he was a "veritable kleptomaniac." No doubt his kleptomania explains how Lord Byron, who died in 1824, was able to plagiarize from a speech Garibaldi gave in 1860.

Greenway also tells us: "one crank insisted that Shakespeare was Marlowe, and actually dug up the remains of Sir Thomas Walsingham, Queen Elizabeth's spymaster (in whose employ Marlowe worked and was murdered) . . ." In fact, 1) it was indeed Sir Thomas Walsingham whose tomb Mr. Calvin Hoffman *wished* to open (he was refused permission by the Home Office to enter the vault below the Scadbury church), but 2) it was Sir Thomas's cousin, Sir *Francis* Walsingham, who was Queen Elizabeth's spymaster and in whose employ et cetera.

Men who throw stones should not build glass houses.

Betty Henderson
La Puente, Calif.

Secondary Considerations

Neal Freeman, writing from Washington, says ["The Current Wisdom," April 4] that "a month ago . . . a Reagan-Bush ticket was a thoroughly agreeable notion," but now "the feelings between the two camps have intensified, and such a ticket may be out of the question." Richard Brookhiser, writing from the campaign trail ["Stover after Yale," April 4], gives grounds for disagreement: "Bush spends half the press conference being polite to his enemies. (If the Republican Convention votes for a Mr. Congeniality, Bush and Reagan will deadlock for ten ballots, then pull out in each other's favor.)"

I hope Brookhiser's reading is correct. To my mind, Baker would have added to the ticket in 1976, when he was popular with a lot of people over Watergate; but his

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career since has given the impression of being one long waffle (although he *has* held firm on SALT II, for which he deserves thanks and congratulations). Kemp is a good man, but I can't see anyone voting for Reagan-plus-Kemp who would not vote for Reagan anyway. Connally? Neither liberals nor conservatives really trust him to be one of them. Ford? (This was George Will's seductive suggestion.) The American people are indeed grateful to him, but he did, after all, lose in 1976, and I'm not sure they want to see him back again.

But the factors that were supposed to make Bush everyone's second choice would also, it seems to me, make him a perfect first choice for the second spot. He can appeal to the Northeastern Republicans, and also to some of the Texas oil types. He has shown, by agreeing to become Chairman of the Republican Party, head of the Liaison Office in Peking, and chief of the CIA, that he is willing to subordinate himself for the greater good—and he has also, incidentally, picked up some valuable experience in those roles. He's not a dyed-in-the-wool conservative, but, as Brookhiser points out, his ADA rating after four years in Congress was zero. Finally, it may be hard to get excited about him, but it's hard not to like him (even if he *is* a jogger).

I'll vote for Reagan in any case; but I might be more confident that enough of my fellow countrymen will be voting with me if the vice-presidential nominee were George Bush.

Howard Creel
Minneapolis, Minn.

Ancient History

I thoroughly enjoyed Professor Jeffrey Hart's essay "The 1950s" [March 7], and am saving it for my children who may, of course, view it as no more than an effort in nostalgia. Nevertheless there were values in those days that somehow failed to be transmitted over the years. Thank you for a very fine piece.

Howard Hunt
Miami, Fla.

Spacey NR

In the February 22 issue ["Notes & Asides"], Mr. Buckley rues the indignity accorded his initials in a cartoon in the previous issue, and blames the problem on "the gremlins."

Your new printer needs no help from gremlins to offend this reader's eyes. He all too frequently throws wide word spaces around with wild abandon, and my visual path down the lines is like a ride in a buggy without springs over a corduroy road. My friends, *it leads to reading with lips!*

Easier reading would, I guarantee, result from tighter lines, and the lines saved add up. Use them to cast more pearls before us.

Willis W. Tompkins
Hockessin, Del.

Tuning In

I have been reading Russell Kirk's columns in NATIONAL REVIEW for years with a great deal of pleasure and only occasional distaste. But one recent one, "The Battle of the Boob-Tube" [Jan. 4], I really do object to. Is Mr. Kirk seriously so opposed to allowing the twentieth century into his household as to attack his children's only television set with wire-cutters? I note that the reading list he chose for his daughters is very heavy on nineteenth century and earlier romantic fiction. Has he ever seen any of the fine dramatizations of romantic fiction presented on *Masterpiece Theatre*, on the NET network?

Additionally, I do not think it wise for him to attempt to shut out the current perspective provided by television programming in general. I will agree that much if not most of the material on television is dull trash, but nevertheless it is simply not possible to begin to understand the United States, or for that matter the rest of the world, as it functions today without perceiving that world, at least for a few minutes each day, from the admittedly distorted perspective of those who concoct television programs.

How the directors of television programming see things is important, not because of who or what those directors are in themselves, but because they influence enormously the opinions and attitudes of millions of our fellow countrymen, for better, or for worse.

Edmund Weinmann
Huntington, N.Y.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ How serious will the fall-out be from the disastrous rescue mission? So serious, says **David Broder**, the chief *Washington Post* political analyst, that he thinks **Carter** should pull out of the presidential race. "[Carter] may find that only by ending his status as a candidate can he gain the freedom of action and credibility of motive he needs to deal with the deepening crisis in Iran." . . . The initial response of the man on the street was that we were right to undertake the **rescue mission**, and that the U.S. should try again (70 per cent), but 61 per cent faulted Carter's own performance. . . . Abroad, the leader who has come out most forcefully in favor of the U.S. is French Socialist leader **François Mitterrand**: "A country has the right to try and rescue its citizens who are being held hostage. . . . I can't criticize someone for wanting to save his brother." . . . Rep. **Les Aspin** (D., Wis.), a longtime critic of U.S. defense spending, is mad: he's introduced legislation to exact a $10-million-a-day fine on Iran (to be taken from blocked Iranian assets in the U.S.) for every day the hostages are held, starting ten days after the bill is enacted.

■ A couple of things about **Muskie**. In 1972, when Muskie campaigned for the Presidency, **Cyrus Vance** was his chief foreign policy advisor. Muskie at that time was liberal and dovish: for ending the Vietnam War, for boycotting South Africa, for cuts in defense spending. He has been a powerful supporter of detente and particularly of SALT II and, like Jimmy Carter, was stunned by **Afghanistan**. In a January *Washington Post* interview he said he had felt "betrayed," "used," by the Soviets. "We thought it [detente] was in this country's best interests. She [the Soviet Union] ran out on us. . . ." Muskie sees his appointment as short-lived

Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"If I'd been able to get a job, I'd probably be a redundant executive by now!"

—not more than eight months—as he told **Brzezinski** and several members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee the day he was nominated to be Secretary of State—a statement at which, it is said, Jimmy Carter "blanched."

■ The **Reagan** victory train rolls on, undeflected by Pennsylvania. More than half of the Republicans in the House (67 of 159) have endorsed RR, as have 17 (of 41) senators. . . . Last week the **California Supreme Court** upheld the constitutionality of the winner-take-all primary, which means Reagan will walk away from California's June 3 primary with 168 delegates. . . . But there could be trouble on the New Right, where **Richard Viguerie** (direct-mail fundraising, *Conservative Digest*), **Terry Dolan** (National Conservative Political Action Committee), and **Paul Weyrich** (Free Congress Committee) say they won't actively support Reagan if he signs on **Howard** (Panama Canal) **Baker** or **George Bush** as VP. (Viguerie has had a hard political year: he started out with **Phil Crane**, dropped him midstream for **Connally**, who dropped out.)

■ How serious is the **Anderson** independent candidacy? **John Sears**, Reagan's early season campaign manager, thinks very serious: believes Anderson could win if he concentrates on the big industrial Northeastern and Midwestern states (N.Y., Mass., Conn., Pa., Ohio, Ill., Mich.) and pitches his tune to Catholics, ethnics, and union Democrats. . . . Sears's suggestion (also **David Garth**'s): that Anderson choose either N.Y. Gov. **Hugh Carey** or Sen. **Daniel Patrick Moynihan** as running-mate. Question: What would Carey or Moynihan get out of such a deal? . . . **George Ball**, a high muckety-muck in State during the **Kennedy-Johnson** Administrations, has endorsed Anderson, but mostly, it turns out, because he dislikes Zbigniew Brzezinski. . . . Anderson also has what a political reporter in Illinois recently called "the Hard Left-overs": **Stewart Mott**, **Norman Lear**, **Gloria Steinem**, **Gore Vidal**, **Kurt Vonnegut**, **Dick Gregory**. . . . A kudo to *Wall Street Journal* for digging out this Anderson quote from an Anderson-**Eugene McCarthy** debate: "As much as I cherish your [McCarthy's] right to a platform as an independent candidate I am not going to sit here quietly and listen to you denigrate the two-party system. It has served our country well over the last two hundred years."

■ Sputtering Indignation Dept.: In outraged editorial on Carter's rescue mission, the *Daily World* (Moscow's voice in America) commented that "the planning and rehearsals for the [CIA-Pentagon-White House] mission lasted for more than a year." Showing great prescience, we were practicing to rescue the hostages six months before they were seized.

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THE WEEK

■ Special mention for candor and succinctness goes to Judy Carter for her utterance, "There's a turkey in the White House," at a reception for visiting royalty from Belgium.

■ John Anderson, purveyor of New Ideas: "I've become unalterably convinced that we can't turn back the clock."

■ John Anderson, explicating the Anderson Difference: "I have matured, I have evolved, I have seen the world change."

■ John Anderson, avatar of Christian Humility: "Yes, he [George Bush] is a smug man."

■ John Anderson, on the Rest of Us: "The mood of the country *has* become rather ugly."

■ John Anderson, eschewing Cliché: "Thinking is hard work. The hardest work in the world is to really think. The average American, who works from eight to five, goes home at night, pops the top on a can of beer, puts his feet on a hassock, wants to watch a sitcom on television or get his mind off the fact that he can't pay his bills because of inflation—" burps, dozes, and dreams of Reagan . . .

■ John Anderson, avoiding Superpatriotic Excess: "I'm just a good old-fashioned patriot. I'm giving my side credit for having pure motives when maybe, in our heart, we were lusting for more than just helping the South Vietnamese establish a republic."

■ John Anderson, further explicating the Anderson Difference: "At risk of sounding vain, I—" Stop right there, John.

■ Senator Edmund Muskie's departure to become Secretary of State vacates the chairmanship of the Senate Budget Committee. Senator Warren Magnuson, next in line, is reportedly not interested. The position thus devolves upon Senator Ernest Hollings—a good development from the standpoint of national defense. Muskie was indifferent and grudging on that score, whereas among senators Hollings is unexcelled for his interest in and grasp of this highly technological and complex subject.

■ You've seen the picture everywhere by now, *Time*, *Newsweek*, every newspaper taking a major wire service: background, a blackened American helicopter on the Great Salt Desert; foreground, the charred body of an American serviceman. Good investigative reporting, all in the highest traditions of the First Amendment. And back at home, perhaps Mr. George Holmes, of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, will wonder whether it's his son lying there. Or perhaps Mrs. Joel Mayo of Bonifay, Florida will recognize her husband. We are not talking about anonymous corpses, plucked from some great carnage; we are talking about the media debasement of a single body which must belong to one of eight identified men. This is not the first media outrage of the Iran crisis, though it may be the worst. During the last six months we have also seen (courtesy of our reporters) ayatollahs cracking jokes over the bodies of the dead; gangsters dressed as politicians repeating their jeers at our expense; endlessly and changelessly ranting mobs. Leave aside that hardly any of this was news, in the sense of being new. Where is our sense of shame? Where is (what is the same thing) our sense of honor? A pox on the ruck of them.

■ You couldn't call it a smoke-filled room, since many of the delegates wanted to ban smoking from the convention floor. But in its own democratic-populist way, the Citizens' Party got its work done, nominating ecologist Barry Commoner for President, with native American activist LaDonna Harris, squaw of Fred, for Veep. Exhaling a little fresh air into the system, Commoner finds the U.S. economy "outdated" and proposes to reorganize it "along socialist lines." Meeting in Cleveland, fired with the spirit of innovation, and boasting a national membership of 3,500, the Citizens' Party rated about a thousand words each in the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and *Newsweek*. Look for balanced campaign coverage of Barry Commoner and Co. this year.

■ The Citizens' Party has never contested a political election. The Libertarian Party has been around for eight years, and actually managed to elect a state representative in Alaska. The Citizens' Party has 3,500 members. The Libertarian Party, in the last California gubernatorial election, picked up nearly 380,000 votes. The Citizens' Party is purebred crackpot, left-wing style: socialist, eco-freak, appeasing. The Libertarian Party holds several correct opinions, the best efforts of the Cato Institute notwithstanding. So which party has gotten about five times as much coverage from the national media so far? Right.

■ In his analysis of world affairs, James Burnham took note of that symbolic event, often minor, that would prove the turning point in an evolving situa-

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

It's an interesting twist to the political season, this vice presidential boomlet for Senator Richard Lugar (R., Ind.). Lugar is young and earnest and authentically moderate-conservative. He was a Rhodes Scholar, a popular mayor of Indianapolis (invariably described as "Richard Nixon's favorite"), and until February one of the more conspicuous supporters of Howard Baker's presidential ambitions. Most of the peppy talk about him, however, comes not from the media or the moderates but from the hard Right. They see in Lugar an acceptable combination of stop-Baker oomph, media credibility, and—should it come to that—presidential qualities.

From Reagan's point of view, the question about Lugar must be: Does he really do for me what Baker or Bush might be able to accomplish? Can he keep the peace with the nether wing of the GOP and smooth the furrowed brow of the Georgetown powerbrokers? A Baker or a Bush would bring strength to the ticket, it is thought, precisely because their supporters would persuade themselves that a vote for Reagan in 1980 was a vote for their own man in 1984. At this writing, Lugar lacks the voter base and national reputation to add strength to the Reagan ticket. But the year is still young. He's living his media life in the fast lane now, and there are miles to go before Detroit. By that time, Reagan may be sufficiently strong to want an unknown running-mate with no negatives.

■ We may be witnessing the birth of a new demographic type: the upscale scofflaw. The Cato Survey, widely respected by pseudonymous columnists in the nation's capital, reveals that the recent Census forms proved to be the last straw for many addressees. We are not talking here about the heavily publicized "undercount" among blacks and Hispanics, but rather about professional men and women who found the Census questionnaire just too long and too inquisitive. Clearly, the Census people made a major tactical error in distributing the forms during the income-tax season. Tolerance for bureaucratic curiosity, we would guess, is at a cyclical low in April. Beyond the seasonal factors, though, we are frankly surprised at the vehemence—even pride—with which our friends and associates declare their non-compliance.

■ The Washington real-estate market has gone to hell. Housing starts, as elsewhere, are down. Mortgage windows have slammed shut. The price levels are breaking up. And, here and there, reports of bankruptcies are popping into the press. It had to happen. Washington has been saying its mantra—"We're a recession-proof city"—for so many years now that usually sensible people have picked up the chant. If the historians among you wish to define with precision the date when the end began, you could do worse than to pinpoint August 25, 1979. We have a clipping from the *Washington Post* of that day. It begins: "When Michael Brown hit town ten years ago, he was 23 years old, had 'absolutely not one cent' to his name, and had a $1,200 Texaco gasoline bill hanging over his head. But he managed to land an $8,200-a-year job as a Capitol policeman and then, using his 1964 Jaguar as collateral, he borrowed $3,000 for a down-payment on a ramshackle $8,500 Capitol Hill house that had been vacant for years. Michael Brown is no longer a Capitol cop. In the last decade, he has parlayed that original $3,000 loan into his own real-estate investment company with interest in 75 properties in Washington. . . . By his own account he is worth more than a million dollars. The reason: Brown is playing the Washington Real Estate Game. Like amateurs playing a casual game of Monopoly, Brown and countless other Washingtonians are pyramiding small initial investments in gutted shell houses, row houses, condominiums, and finished homes into profits and net-worth statements with six- and seven-figure bottom lines. Real estate in the Washington area is the best hedge against inflation, the sure-fire way to get ahead, these people believe."

We hope Michael still has that Jaguar.

■ Out Hollywood way, there's a man named Garry Marshall, who, as the producer of TV's *Happy Days* and *Laverne and Shirley*, is the Prince of Schlock. Unlike our Commander-in-Chief, however, he doesn't take himself all that seriously. He does a little routine at industry meetings, describing his relationship with network program executives, that suggests the difficulties our military and diplomatic personnel must have in dealing with the White House. Marshall says that he has been trying for years to produce a special on The Last Supper, but that the network objects that there is no teenager in it and that Judas does not test well. Marshall, a man of some integrity, has resisted the suggestion that Judas be given a dog.

■ Ronald Reagan has now admitted that he picks up many of his facts and figures from newspaper stories. In making this admission, Reagan has incurred the contempt of newspapermen everywhere.

—CATO

tion. Up to this moment the concrete was still soft; after that moment it had set. Such a moment may have occurred in Nicaragua last week when Violeta Barrios de Chamorro resigned from the ruling junta "for reasons of health." Violeta Chamorro is the widow of Pedro Joaquín Chamorro, publisher of *La Prensa*, Nicaragua's only independent newspaper. Chamorro's assassination in 1978 was the spark that ignited the revolution: within the year Somoza had fled. But the Sandinista had no charismatic leader, no Fidel Castro, and they were distrusted by large numbers of Nicaraguans precisely because of Castro. The government that succeeded Somoza was a "government of national unity" that included a number of anti-Somoza moderates, Violeta Chamorro among them. The members of the junta have till now worked together in uneasy harness, with the militant Marxists often seizing the bit. They expropriated Somoza's land, then the land of Somoza's supporters; now they have started in on the land of big landowners. Their jails are filled with Somoza supporters. They have nationalized the banks and the insurance companies. They have in-

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Recognizing Rhodesia

Faster than a rocket
  Or Jesse Owens' dash;
Like a bolt of lightning,
  Like disappearing cash,
Jimmy put a man in
  Our embassy to head
All official business—
  Once Salisbury went Red.

W. H. VON DREELE

vited in hundreds of Cuban educators, administrators, and advisors. They have negotiated loans from Havana, Moscow, and Eastern Europe. Last week, when the junta closed down *La Prensa*, Violeta Chamorro and Alfonso Robelo Caliejas, the other moderate, quit, refusing to lend their names and prestige to what is fast becoming a one-party Marxist state.

■ Soviet Foreign Secretary Andrei Gromyko, expressing moral indignation over the U.S. violation of Iranian territorial integrity, stopped just short of calling for a Soviet boycott of the 1980 Olympics.

■ The Bogotá M-19 guerrillas, as they are called, started out with highfalutin notions of what they could pry out of the government of President Julio César Turbay Ayala of Colombia: $50 million in cash and the release of three hundred imprisoned guerrillas and dissidents. But they didn't know their man. President Turbay said no, and continued to say no. He renounced an Israeli-like use of force to free the captive diplomats, but—on the principle that criminals should not profit from their crimes—he stood firm; and two months later, M-19 caved in. The kidnappers gained only one concession, that the political prisoners in Colombia be brought to speedy trial and that an international commission be admitted to those trials to see that the accused were properly defended. That is a concession all humanitarians will approve. Then M-19 flew off to Havana where the remaining hostages were released and repatriated. A lagniappe for President Turbay: he has 15 fewer M-19 guerrillas to worry about.

■ Günter Grass, novelist, doubles as Conscience of Germany. With the sure instinct of the bold moralist, he knows which side it's safe to hector: ours. In an open letter to Helmut Schmidt he urges the West German government "not to let the American Government, which at least since Vietnam has lost all rights to moral outcry, draw you into a policy that could result in the destruction of"—yes—"all life on this planet." Soviet threat? What Soviet threat? "Nobody is attacking us, nobody is threatening us." Herr Grass presumably pecks out his open letters in a windowless room. He calls for the renunciation of all sanctions against both Iran and the Soviets and demands participation in the Olympics and "all other gatherings that serve"—yes—"mutual understanding." If only Grass understood the Soviets as well as they understand him.

■ A recent *Doonesbury* comic strip shows a gathering of college-age kids chortling over a transcript of President Kennedy's inaugural address. "'Pay any price bear any burden,'" they read. "Ha ha ha ha ha.' Next frame: "'Support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty.' Ha ha ha ha ha." Final frame (change of mood): "What's become of us?" What's become of us is the theme of hearings now being held in Washington by the privately sponsored National Committee to Restore Internal Security. First witness: Senator Orrin Hatch (R., Utah), who reminds us that as of 1978, the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security, the House Internal Security Committee, and the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department have all been abolished, leaving us with severely limited means of discovering terrorists, vigilantes, and, uh, spies. Sleep well.

■ Friends? foes? of the Equal Rights Amendment may wish to ponder the case of the female GI who was fined, demoted, and sentenced to thirty days of hard labor for grabbing a male GI by the nether regions and murmuring sweet somethings, i.e., sexual harassment.

■ And what does the Department of Energy propose to do about the growing crises of reduced oil consumption, reduced electricity consumption, and galloping oil glut—problems sure to grow worse when the oil import tax and windfall profits tax take hold? It's going to ban weekend boating.

■ The late President Tito of Yugoslavia, although still dead, is reported "slightly improved" this week.

Waiting for a Government

Were the United States a parliamentary democracy instead of an elective monarchy, Jimmy Carter would now, if not before, have been retired as Chief Executive by an overwhelming vote of no-confidence. Instead he remains in the White House, a ghostly presence, a wounded fisher-king, a political scarecrow.

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Fisher, *Punch* Rothco

"I thought you expressed your views extremely well. However, you didn't really get into your main argument until the middle of the wall, and you pasted it up too high, and one had to go around the corner to read your conclusion . . ."

Despite his loss of the popular vote in Pennsylvania to George Bush, Ronald Reagan continues to move almost magisterially toward the nomination. Last week he announced the formation of a distinguished policy advisory panel. The Reagan operation more and more resembles an alternative government. Indeed speculation now largely concerns his choice of a vice presidential candidate.

So far, Reagan has been experiencing a remarkable run of political good fortune. Had he been able to arrange political circumstances like chess pieces on a board, he could hardly have improved upon the situation he now sees spread out before him.

At the present time, neither Carter nor Kennedy looks at all electable; nor can the Democrats easily nominate someone else, such as Mondale, Moynihan, Jackson, or Udall. Like two piles of political garbage, Carter and Kennedy block anyone else's path to the nomination.

Carter's disarray has reached dangerous, even frightening, proportions. As the revelations begin to emerge about the period surrounding the fall of the Shah, it appears, astoundingly, that the Carter Administration had *no* Iran policy. If the Shah was to be sacked, surely a military government should have been waiting to prevent total chaos; yet Carter, morally aloof from military regimes, dithered . . . and greased the way for the Ayatollah, and the unraveling of the U.S. position in the Persian Gulf.

As a consequence of the incapacity of the Carter regime, disaster follows upon disaster: the Iran rescue debacle; the ugly scenes at Key West where, instead of welcoming the refugees and using the exodus to undermine Castro, U.S. officials ("Operation Malaya"?) are actually trying to choke off the flow of refugees; the resignation of Secretary Vance, and what it signifies; the astonishing appointment of Senator Muskie, who, if he has ever thought about foreign affairs, has done so in extreme privacy. Each item, serious enough in itself, becomes a metaphor expressive of what looks to be a general presidential collapse of historic proportions, comparable to the last days in office of Woodrow Wilson or Richard Nixon.

The Vance affair, for example, derives directly from Carter's original lack of a coherent global strategy, and his feckless attempt to fill such a void with a politics of self-righteousness. From the start, and from the highest levels on down—as symbolized by the Vance *v.* Brzezinski serio-comic rivalry—the Carter foreign policy team has been a schizophrenic mixture of Vietnam-era doves and practitioners of Realpolitik, Carter being tugged hither and yon, usually doveward.

The nation must somehow get through the next eight months with this discredited caretaker government. It will be a time of great danger. Carter is capable of stumbling into an unwanted war, for example—after three years of defense cuts. The best we can hope for is a damage-limiting period of waiting; and, meanwhile, perhaps Carter should clear all future high-level appointments with Reagan.

The Iranian Debacle

Regarding the palpable aspects of the rescue operation, the Administration apologia made two points: 1) only the intervention of accident at an early stage had spoiled the enterprise; 2) as a whole, the plan was well conceived and, if spared mishaps early on, would in all probability have proceeded through subsequent stages to resounding success. There is, of course, no payoff on ifs, but those points deserve careful examination, for the question whether the debacle resulted from mischance or inherent folly is of a piece with the question of whether the Administration deserves commiseration or blame.

Manifestly, the arrival of a busload of wayfarers and an alleged smuggler's truck at the scene of the rendezvous on the salt flat had elements of accident. The same can scarcely be said of the helicopter failures—if one is to believe skeptics at lower echelons in the Pentagon. According to their allegations, the choice of helicopters was highly questionable. During the training phase in the southwestern part of the

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continental U.S., Marine Corps helicopters (CH53s) were used for practice. For the actual operation, Navy helicopters designed for mine-laying were used. Operational analysts are critical of the idea of shifting equipment between one phase and another when a sensitive sort of coordination is necessary, placing a premium on familiarization.

As a related consideration, the helicopters used, all with about 14 years in service, had to be disassembled for transport and then put together again at Diego Garcia. For security reasons, the mechanics involved at that stage, according to critics, were not apprised of the do-or-die sensitivity of the mission or of the rigorous circumstances—long distances, low altitudes, and hot atmosphere, all adding to the difficulties for helicopters. Does a good auto mechanic do a better tune-up job preparing for a tour through the Rockies than for routine street traffic? Probably yes. Such a small difference may have counted in bringing on the debacle in the desert.

What might have happened in later stages is, of course, conjectural. As skeptics point out, danger of discovery lurked at a dozen hypothetical junctures. Israeli monitors were able to trace the progression of C-130 planes from Egypt to Bahrein and thence to Iran. No one can be certain that Soviet monitoring facilities on ships in the environs could not have done likewise or, for that matter, detected the transit of helicopters from the *Nimitz*—or say that other means of surveillance could not have found tell-tale signs during the long wait before descent upon the embassy compound. On such imponderables, one can only suppose. One eminent operational analyst—unnamed here because he does important work for the government—roughly guessed the chances for success at 1 in 25. Another, more optimistic, put the proportion at 1 in 10. (Those are only theoretical calculations, for, in the event, the chance proved zero.) Such odds would be acceptable in desperate extremities. They are prohibitive when the whole object of the venture is to bring people back alive.

An accounting of palpable losses incurred—for example, destruction of almost a third of the Navy's mine-laying capability—is called for. What sorts of technological secrets were left behind in the helter-skelter retreat? What clues regarding collaborators on the scene were permitted to pass into unfriendly hands? Such things need to be known—not to prompt more futile handwringing but to drive home the lessons regarding the United States' strategic position.

Brzezinski's exculpatory words on TV included a cryptic warning to adversaries regarding the prodigious length of the U.S. reach. The point is that the country's reach exceeded its grasp. Force was projected a long way and then fizzled out.

The luckless rescue attempt falls into a classic category—a lightning sortie of tactical character to redress a strategic deficiency. It is kindred in its way to the sorts of ventures by which Confederate cavalry romantically attempted to slow the Union forces' ineluctable grinding-out of victory, or the Boer generals' attempts to stave off defeat by the British—save that the job in this instance was botched rather than brilliantly executed. The basic reproach to the Carter Administration is not that it has spent so much for nothing in the Iranian desert but that it has generated so little when so much is needed for restoration of the country's strategic position in the world at large. The Administration must be held to account not so much for its waverings—deplorable as they are—as for its persistence in wrong courses: notably for its neglect of strategic factors, not out of mindless indifference but in studied disdain.

Muskie Takes Over

Cyrus Vance had arrived at Foggy Bottom full of rue for his supporting role at the Pentagon in early phases of the feckless war in Southeast Asia, hope for averting further scrapes abroad, convictions about a deep-down harmony of purpose between the U.S. and the Soviet Union ("President Carter and President Brezhnev share similar dreams and aspirations on all the important issues"), and intentions to contribute in an unobtrusive way to ameliorating the general situation. He gained modest renown, in a milieu of grudges and touchiness, as a Secretary of State who never tried to get even, never exasperated others, and never himself became exasperated—an exaggeration, as events were to demonstrate. Vance passed up a fine opportunity to quit only a few weeks ago on being left in the lurch when the President swerved on a UN resolution concerning the Middle East. Vance seized a second—and second best—opportunity over the misconceived sortie into Iran. In departing, Vance can say, with Othello, "I have done the state some service, and they know't." The reviews, generally and mildly favorable, concur. "He had some successes," one scrivener observed—without supplying a list. As Vance must know and deplore, he leaves external affairs in far worse shape than at his advent. He has given no sign of renouncing his basic error about Soviet purposes.

News of Vance's exit set Washington abuzz with speculation over possible successors: Hedley Donovan, the publisher brought aboard as a White House trouble-shooter last year, seemed to have run out of ammunition long since. Lloyd Cutler, the eminent lawyer taken on in a similar role at the same time, might well do but would presumably make acceptance contingent on dismissal of Zbigniew Brzezinski as

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White House gadfly on external affairs—a condition which appearances would make difficult for the President. Sol Linowitz was a nice man and intelligent—but what good could he do Carter politically? Brzezinski himself would have seemed plausible a year or so ago, but now no longer. Warren Christopher, as acting Secretary of State, was known to be willing and then some, but no discernible benefit would accrue to the Administration. Henry Kissinger's was the most titillating name because he alone among all the possibilities seemed equipped in talent and prestige to bring off the quick fixes sorely needed in external relations. Kissinger might be available—but the confirmation process might prove rough, and President Carter would risk being upstaged in the critical months ahead.

Carter's actual selection is a name passed over by the gossips. Besides going smoothly through the Senate, the nomination of Senator Edmund Muskie should placate liberal circles miffed over Vance's departure and the triggering circumstances. Muskie's world view is generally compatible with Vance's, but the degree of his devotion to it is smaller. His portion of imperturbability is notably so. As for his capabilities—something in him seemed to be drained away by his signally futile quest of the Presidency eight years ago. Being Secretary of State might revivify him. Conceivably, it may be premature to dismiss him—in Leigh Hunt's characterization of Trelawny—as a man with a promising past.

Enter Anderson, Exit Anderson

John Anderson, after coming in second in three primaries, leaves the Republican contest to join the ranks of James B. Weaver, Robert M. La Follette, and George Corley Wallace. He has some impressive talent in his corner. Stewart Mott will continue raising money on the wine and cheese circuit. David Garth, former media director for (among others) John Lindsay, will handle his campaign. Arnold and Porter, a top-notch Washington law firm, will slog through the legal challenges necessary to get him on as many ballots as possible.

Anderson will need every ounce of that talent. The state laws governing the candidacies of independents were designed by jealous Democrats and Republicans, with a little help from Dr. Caligari. Some states only tolerate candidates representing third parties. Others require petition signers to note their voter registration numbers. Several state deadlines have passed. Eugene McCarthy, running as an independent four years ago, failed to get on the ballot in 11 states. Anderson will not be perceived as quite such a frivolous candidate; on the other hand, McCarthy started earlier.

By following the independent route, Anderson may also lose a subtle but important part of his chic—the piquancy of the Decent Republican. "John Anderson, renegade," simply lacks the allure of "John Anderson, renegade member of the GOP." Those who don't understand why are unaware of the implications of the *Zeitgeist*. Voting Republican, when one is a liberal Democrat, is the last stage of exoticism, beyond Taoism or leather bars.

Meanwhile, Congressman Anderson opened his campaign with characteristic grace, informing supporters in a mailing that other "politicians believe presidential candidates are selected by fools," and recalling, for a reporter's benefit, the circumstances of his political metamorphosis: "I saw, my friend, what began to happen in this country when Rosa Parks wouldn't ride in the back of the bus in 1963." We saw it too, as it happens, though as we remember it, Mrs. Parks rode in the front of the bus in 1955. The error is certainly simplistic, and probably reflects senility.

Black Crime Day

Though their April 17 rallies were sparsely attended, the organizers of Black Crime Day expressed pleasure with the event, and with the attention given it in the media. Noting the unusually large number of black criminals, the organizers established "shadow governments" to report on the conditions in 11 selected black neighborhoods. They also offered a "conceptual draft" of a Slum Democracy Act, calling for sharply expanded disclosure requirements about "crime patterns, neighborhood safety, police performance, judicial bias . . ."

No. No, no—there was no Black Crime Day. Yet there was a bigoted celebration on April 17, euphemistically called "Big Business Day." The sponsors charged a class of Americans—corporate businessmen—with egregious and undifferentiated delinquencies. They called for an end to "crime in the suites," and the inauguration of "economic democracy" ("socialism," for those who came in late). At least three members of Congress agreed to introduce variations

The Final Solution

To swoop in like a comet with
A tail as long as Halley's,
Let's recognize they're more than myth
And call in the Israelis.

W. H. von Dreele

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on the "Corporate Democracy Act," which would enjoin firms from moving from city to city without two years' notice, prohibit anyone from being a director of more than two corporations, and generally encourage government auditing, prying, and snooping. The sponsors included decrepit socialists (Irving Howe, Barry Commoner), left-wing union leaders (Douglas Fraser), students of Indochinese geopolitics (Jane Fonda), and Ralph Nader. John Kenneth Galbraith descended from Olympus to give a pontificatory press release. The press covered the entire affair soberly and meticulously.

And, within the limits they set for themselves, they covered it fairly. Socialists charged that big businessmen were beasts; big businessmen replied that they were not. An equal time was had by all.

Yet if Big Business Day had been devoted to absurd accusations which the press considered absurd, who can doubt that the coverage would have been different? If the heirs of Leander Perez had staged a Black Crime Day, they would have been treated (quite properly) as pinheads, or threats to public order. Irving Howe, making charges equally grotesque, lands in the Great Debate Hall of Fame, with Sophocles and Callicles, Paine and Burke. No one in the press saw fit to question the sponsors' premises (by noting that most businesses in America are small, or that the worst business abuses flow from sweetheart relations with the state), or their motives (by noting that more regulation means more regulators, i.e., more power for themselves).

Which goes once again to prove that the media's most insidious bias shows, not in their handling of issues, but in the issues they choose to handle.

Desperation

We'll bring the old *New Jersey* up to speed;
With missiles and a snappy coat of grey,
She'd help relieve an awkward naval need
Until the building program's under way.
The *Iowa* could also join the fray—
Nor should we overlook the *Mighty Mo.*
Nostalgia buffs would have a holiday
Remembering those times in Tokyo.
I'd love to see these ancients, lights aglow,
Sail off again to rendezvous at sea,
But I'm addicted to the long-ago
Of wine-dark water and Penelope.
Let's pray our President recalls the fate
Of Spanish battleships in '98.

W. H. VON DREELE

Jean-Paul Sartre, R I P

Jean-Paul Sartre was the most formidable and also infuriating French intellectual of the period following World War II. Sartre's life—heroic, brilliant, risky, and flawed—possessed three main public aspects: political activist, philosopher and moralist, and literary artist.

As a political activist Sartre was at his most infuriating, first as an apologist for Stalin's USSR, then as a would-be Maoist. This business had a number of roots.

Sartre conceived of himself as a man of the Left, a continuator of the French Revolution. His Left revolutionism existed between the extreme historical poles always present in the Revolution itself, between "*liberté*" on the one hand and "*fraternité*" and "*égalité*" on the other. His leftism was powerfully reinforced by his experience in the French *Résistance* during World War II, when, except for the Communists, most Frenchmen (shhhh) collaborated with the Germans. Sartre was also anti-bourgeois, another potent French intellectual and artistic tradition: and the French bourgeoisie can, in fact, be especially bourgeois.

The trouble here is that since the Renaissance the bourgeoisie is *the* creative social class in the West, *the* creative class artistically, economically, and politically. The number of noblemen or peasants who have created anything is minuscule. Rebelling unselectively against the bourgeoisie, Sartre, the philosopher of freedom, found himself allied with the Communists, the least creative major movement since the Renaissance. As a quasi-Communist, Sartre always explained the actual horror by referring to a hypothetical future. In this aspect of his life, finally, Sartre was part of a hot-house Parisian intellectual atmosphere in which abstractions seem to walk and talk, and a clever dialectician can transform no into yes.

As a philosopher and moralist, most notably in his magnum opus *Being and Nothingness*, he pressed to its theoretical limits the modern analysis of the felt experience of freedom. To succumb to any limits on the free creative act was "bad faith": Sartre went so far, in his psychoanalytic theory, as to reject Freud's hypothesis of the existence of the unconscious, which Sartre regarded as a residue of bad faith. It is characteristic of the Sartrean hero—as we meet him, for example, in Roquentin of the novel *Nausea*—that he feels a deep revulsion in the presence of what he regards as "absurd" limitations on his freedom. The man of Sartrean sensibility, as he moves away from consciousness toward the unconscious, experiences increasing "viscosity." We hear of "the stickiness," "the rising triumph of the solid over the liquid," "thoughts made sticky by their own objects," as well as of "insipid flesh," "pink flesh," "clammy flesh," and so on.

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The polarity between freedom and imprisonment is the reality of modern experience for Sartre, and his exploration of this polarity in all of its aspects was intellectually heroic.

Oddly enough, though a novelist and playwright of considerable talent, Sartre remained essentially traditional in his literary forms, tied to the "unfreedom" of nineteenth century realistic modes. Thus, and paradoxically, this phenomenologist of the free psyche, this philosopher of modernism, remained tied to nineteenth century political and aesthetic assumptions, evidently not finding *them* "viscous."

Toward the end of his life, Sartre seemed to become less relentlessly intellectual and ideological. He became reconciled with Raymond Aron, his old bourgeois-democratic intellectual opponent, and one of his last political acts, oddly, marvelously, was to support an Olympic boycott over the invasion of Afghanistan.

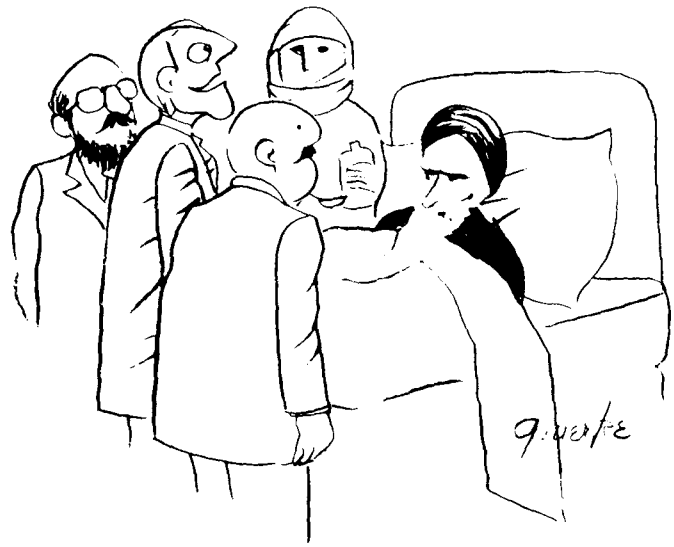
It was all terribly French, difficult to export. But as a thinker who carried the analysis of freedom to its outer limits, Sartre will always be viewed, for all of his absurdities and flaws, as one of the important figures of the twentieth century.

He is survived by Simone de Beauvoir, his mistress for forty years, with whom his relationship—despite numerous legendary detours—was thoroughly bourgeois. —JH

Donald G. Brennan, R I P

Although decisive in manner and outspoken in style, Don Brennan came softly to the attention of the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, a propos of something or other having to do with arms control some years ago. In due course a relationship was established, and he was always available, at his office at the Hudson Institute, to give advice, recommend qualified technicians, analyze manuscripts supercharged with theoretical energy. He was born in 1926, and was surely the leader of the parade of dropouts who made good. He didn't make it through high school, but in due course received a PhD from MIT in mathematics, under one of the most exacting tutors in the distinguished history of that distinguished institution. He gravitated eventually to arms control, fighting tirelessly to expose flatulent analyses, and motivated by a strenuous desire to save human life. He was the principal opponent of the doctrine of mutual assured destruction, with its acronymically apt designation: MAD.

In defense of anti-ballistic-missile technology he was heard by every relevant committee of Congress, over and over again. He supervised research, ran seminars, edited the most prestigious volume in the field—*Arms Control, Disarmament, and National Security*. He testified to the shortcomings of the SALT II treaty



"They agree to return the Shah, Beloved Imam, if you will agree to an Ayatollah 'roast' on American prime-time TV."

and served as a director of the Committee on the Present Danger. In the end, his devotion to saving human life proved qualified: he took his own. Even at this he was thorough, selecting the date thirty days in advance, and giving obiter dicta to his dictating machine over the course of a month—a detail here, another there, thoughts about appropriate funeral arrangements ("appropriate" was one of his favorite words: the message on his automatic telephone answering device ended: "When you hear the bell tone, leave your name and telephone number, and I shall return your call if appropriate"); whom to notify: that sort of thing. The death of his wife in 1975, after a prolonged illness, had left him despondent. He worried about his productivity, about finances; and, of course, about the state of the world, concerning which there is today even more to worry about, Don Brennan having deprived us of an irreplaceable national asset.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

In the confused and gloomy world that constitutes organized Christianity these days, one looks for that occasional ray of hope that will clear the clouds away. Here is not only a ray of hope, but a glorious sunburst that will blue the sky, much better than Reich ever greened America.

To wit: Gerhart Niemeyer—your *NR* associate of

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25 years, and professor of political science at Notre Dame—will be ordained to the priesthood of the Episcopal Church on May 9, at St. James Cathedral, South Bend, Indiana. I know that you, his legion of friends, and his host of admirers will wish to have him in your prayers as he is consecrated to be, what in fact he has always been, the obedient servant of Christ.

Sincerely,
Sheldon M. Smith
Valley Forge, Pa.

Help Wanted

Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

A great emergency. Ed Capano has just come in to report that he's gotten a call from the fellow who puts together our Bound Volumes. They are ready to go, and suddenly the binder responsible for inventory finds that it neglected to accumulate the necessary copies. We are short four issues from 1979: the January 5, January 19, and February 16 magazines, and the May 4 *NR Bulletin*. Scrounging around the office has produced only a handful. Could you, in "Notes & Asides," ask any reader who has all or any of those issues *please* to take the trouble to send them to us collect? It would be a tremendous favor. Otherwise Bound Volume XXXI will have to be rationed.

■ Dear Bill:

William F. Rickenbacker's review of the book *In Plain Russian* [Jan. 25] was a typical *tour de force* by this mercurial polymath. Because Rickenbacker is so fluent in so many languages, and manages to be witty in them all, the unwary reader may assume that Rickenbacker never errs linguistically.

Ah, but even the heroic Rickenbacker has a *tendo Achilles*: his Latin is not at the rarefied level of the many modern languages he manipulates so expertly. Undaunted, he chose to give his review a Latin title, "Ridi si Sapis."

At least, it appears to be Latin, translating roughly, "Smile if you understand." But *ridere* requires the form *ride* in the singular imperative, and *sapere* should, I suggest, be rendered in the subjunctive after the use of "if." Thus *sapiveris* would be grammatic.

Ah, but could it be Italian, in which case the *ridi* would be fine (as in, *Ridi, pagliaccio*)? However, then *sapi* would have been required; but there would still have been a 50 per cent reduction in the error rate.

More likely, Rickenbacker used the Latin to let us know that *humanum est errare* even for one who is so egregiously free of error, whether it be at typing, piano-playing, dispensing financial advice, or writing in modern tongues.

Donald Coxe
Guelph, Ontario
Canada

Memo to: WFB
From: LB

Alas, *humanum est errare* indeed, but it was not Bill Rickenbacker who proved it this time. The title was not Rickenbacker's but ours—a joint effort on the part of your editorial staff, who ought to have remembered that *contritionem praecedit superbia: et ante ruinam exaltatur spiritus.*

Nostra culpa. (*That* at least we can get right.)

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla
Re: help

It might be of interest to our readers that Don Wright of the *Miami News*, a regular in our cartoon spread, won the Pulitzer this year for editorial cartooning—his second Pulitzer, incidentally. Edd Uluschak of the *Edmonton Journal*, whom we have used in "The Week" and in "For the Record" for years and years, was awarded the 1979 Canadian National Newspaper Award for editorial cartoons by the Toronto Press Club a couple of weeks earlier.

We have never run a cartoon section since help was initiated in October 1977 without a Jeff MacNelly, last year's Pulitzer winner. All three appear in the current issue (p. 596) plus Mal (Malcolm Hancock: "I'm up to my ears in self-pity also") and a talented newcomer to our pages, S. Kelley of the Dartmouth College newspaper, *The Dartmouth*. Mary Gauerke appears up front, in "The Week."

■ Memo to: The Senior Editors
From: Rabbi Korff
Re: The Clouded Crystal Ball

Lead paragraph of the lead editorial in the June 8, 1979 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW:

> Senator Edward Kennedy will very likely defeat President Carter as a write-in candidate in New Hampshire, then meet the February 27 filing deadline for states that send about one-third of the delegates to the convention, and clinch the nomination by sweeping the New York State Democratic primary on April 29. In November he will lose either to Connally or to Reagan.

Dear Rabbi Korff: I dunno, not all *that* clouded . . . How's the campaign going to prevent the impeachment of Nixon? Cordially,

—WFB

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The Current WISDOM

The Bureaucratic Scam

NEAL B. FREEMAN

WE ARE TEMPTED to say that some of our best friends are government bureaucrats, but that is not precisely true. It would be closer to the mark to say that nearly all of our friends are government bureaucrats. Living in the greater Washington area as we do, we are surrounded on all sides by eager, bright, redundantly credentialed people who work for, with, and (on the alternate political cycles) against the Federal Government. They are good friends, good neighbors, good citizens.

They are also, as a class, one of the most deeply rooted and pervasively influential special interests in town. For a generation and more their claims to public privilege have been virtually unchallenged, their special status in our national life tacitly affirmed. It is only with the onset of recession and the general economic alarum that the basic questions begin to form. Such questions as: By what right are federal employees exempted from obligations that fall upon the rest of us? Under what dispensation are public servants entitled to economic benefits that are denied to the general citizenry?

From the bureaucracy's perspective, the forces of darkness are advancing on four fronts--pay reform, cost of living (COL) adjustments, the retirement "merger," and the job freeze. Let's take a very brief look at each of these in turn. Pay reform, in the Washington mode, has nothing to do with reform and precious little to do with pay. It is Jimmy Carter's feeble, election-year effort to slow down the *rate* of growth in the federal payroll. The White House is now talking of an across-the-board raise of 5.5 per cent in next year's budget, to which the predictable bureaucratic reaction has been . . . blind rage. The position of employee unions has been that government workers should be fully protected against the effects of inflation. (In the Orwellian world of Washington, we have never been able to identify the logical antecedents of this position. Could it be the belief that inflation is caused by the private sector--and thus it falls to the private sector to pay the price?)

The second front in the battle against the niggardly Carterites is the fight to preserve two COL adjustments each year for federal retirees. The rest of us, you see, retire under the Social Security system, which grants only a single COL raise each year. The difference—unearned and to our knowledge unexplained—is apparent to anybody who understands the principle of compound interest. The House Budget Committee has recommended that the preferential treatment of federal retirees be eliminated, and the White House has, at least for the moment, gone along.

THE THIRD front is perhaps the most significant in both fiscal and managerial terms, and is thus the most controversial. It is the proposal to merge the civil service retirement plan into the Social Security plan. At the present time, federal employees, roughly 2.6 million of them, and state- and local-government employees, roughly three million of them, are exempt from Social Security retirement contributions. As the bureaucrats like to point out, the benefits they ultimately receive are taxable as income, while Social Security benefits are tax-free. What they are less likely to point out, however, is that a) while the average Social Security benefit comes to $292.96 a month, the average civil service benefit comes to $848.00 a month; and that b) while the private citizen can take early retirement under Social Security at age 62, it is possible to retire under the civil service plan at age 43. What is unmistakably clear is that if the bureaucrats join the rest of us in the Social Security system, many of them will be putting in longer work lives, or taking out lower benefits, or both.

There is an interesting class angle to this arithmetic. According to analyst Mike Causey, the dividing line is an annual salary of $25,000--that is to say, bureaucrats earning more than that figure would be better off staying with the civil service plan. Those earning less than $25,000, because of the redistributionist properties of the Social Security rate structure, would actually come out ahead under a merger. It says something about the size and character of the government work force that *all* of the unions involved are opposed to the merger.

As is the case with every public-policy issue, there is a personal angle here as well. Of the 2.6 million federal employees, 535 serve as Members of Congress. They are covered not only by the civil service plan, but also, to use the indigenous phrase, by an "enriched version" of the retirement plan. At salaries of $60,622, they would be voting for lower annuities for themselves in voting for a merger. If this issue ever gets to the floor, it could separate the women from the girls.

About the fourth and final front, the job freeze, we can be briefer still. It's a sham. The proposal has been knocked about for months, with the result that every agency in town has stockpiled bodies to meet any conceivable contingency.

The proximate argument, the potentially winnable battle, is the re-examination of the retirement system. We dare not venture a prediction at this early date, but it is impossible to ignore the bureaucracy's discomfort. It is new to the business of public advocacy; the blind-copied memo and the pre-meeting meeting are more to its taste. In its first foray into the public arena the National Association of Retired Federal Employees offered this plaintive defense: "They [federal workers] have planned their futures with reliance on the integrity of elected officials." If that were true, of course, federal employees should be headed not for retirement but for a home for the chronically bemused. More likely, they don't believe a word of it. For the genius of the bureaucratic scam is that, unlike the rest of us, they have placed their retirement benefits just beyond the reach of elected public officials. □

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Caprices of History

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

THERE ARE journalists who dabble in history, and historians who dabble in journalism (I am among the former). There are also revolutionaries who make History (while professing to be convinced that History makes them).

I am prompted to proffer these definitional banalities by the state of the world as it is unfolding right now. And I find consolation in the thought that neither the expectations of the revolutionary nor the apparently self-evident indications of a given moment necessarily provide a reliable guide to the future course of events.

A favorite example of mine is the state of France in 1955 and now. Anyone studying the facts of French technological and economic backwardness in 1955 could have been pardoned for drawing the conclusion that by 1975 France was going to decline to, say, the level of Albania. And in the mid-Fifties, the United Kingdom was pretty near the top of the world league in economic performance and military power.

Well, just look at them in 1980, with Britain near the bottom of the European league and France way ahead, so far ahead that not long ago an American team of futurologists predicted that the French would overtake the industrious Japanese.

They could be right. And they could just as easily be wrong.

The Iran of two or three years ago seemed en route to becoming a great power. Look at it now.

If you think I stray from the continuing theme of this column, let me remind you of Lenin's confident assumption that the collapse of capitalism was imminent and that world revolution was around the corner. Disappointed in his immediate expectations, he temporarily restored capitalism with his New Economic Policy and encouraged his Foreign Commissar, G. G. Chicherin, to dream up a phrase that would characterize the period of indefinite duration (but expected to be short rather than long) between the Russian Revolution of 1917 and the inevitable revolutions elsewhere that would complete it. That phrase was "peaceful co-existence."

Though Lenin died a disappointed man, the Party Program of 1924—the year of his death—confidently declared that "the capitalist system as a whole is approaching its final collapse." And by "approaching," the Bolsheviks did not, repeat not, mean that it would still be alive and (up to a point) kicking 56 years later.

In our time, the latter-day Bolsheviks in the Kremlin have been at it again, talking of the general crisis of capitalism and of its approaching final collapse. So persuasive has this talk been, with the aggression in Afghanistan as a focus for waning revolutionary enthusiasms, that Georges Marchais, boss of the French Communist Party (PCF), recently resumed cordial relations with Moscow and actually went there after a hiatus of six years, his "Eurocommunism" shelved, possibly for good and all. This, incidentally, probably guarantees the return to power of Giscard d'Estaing in the 1981 presidential elections.

The Prodigals Return

Not only Marchais, but the Japanese Party leader, Miyamoto Kenji, also felt the need to go to Moscow. And he hadn't been near the place for *16 years*. There is something apocalyptic about the return of these prodigal sons, and I wonder whether the subtle Berlinguer, in his Eurocommunist bastion in Italy, is beginning to feel a bit isolated and insecure.

The journalist casting around for signs of the way history (and even History) might go comes up with the following items:

—After fighting Moscow's battles over much of Africa, the Cubans find their home base crumbling. Fidel Castro reports economic disaster. Ten thousand Cubans, many of them young, crowd into the Peruvian embassy.

—Europe is in disarray. Prime Minister Thatcher speaks boldly on defense and the Soviet menace, but her male colleagues, or some of them, wish she wouldn't. Inflation rages. The Dutch don't want the new NATO weapons, and the Belgians are unhappy about them; the West Germans will have them, but only conditionally. The French administration is rude in private about Mrs. Thatcher, and France and Britain are hopelessly divided on the European Economic Community.

—Oil is where you find it, and most unfortunately much of it must pass through the Strait of Hormuz, which is not the safest place in the world with a Soviet power-grab a few hundred miles away; Iran is in a state of anarchy, the Saudi family demoralized by its own wealth, and the Arab-Israeli dispute unresolved by Camp David.

—Strategic minerals, too, are where you find them, and many of them happen to be in South Africa, whose security has, to say the least, not been improved by Robert Mugabe's victory in Zimbabwe.

—The men in the Kremlin are old, but there is little comfort in the thought that younger men are bound to take over one of these days, since a) the old ones will not all die at once anyway, and b) the facts of the world situation will not change just because younger men find themselves in power.

—And what are these facts? Apart from those cited above, the most fundamental and worrying facts are these: the Soviet Union is much stronger than the United States, especially if the factor of will is given its full value; there is a visible revival of will in the U.S., but there is a long way to go yet; if nothing untoward happens, it will be 1985 before the new weapons are operational in Western Europe.

Most Dangerous Years

It follows—does it not?—that the next five years are going to be the most dangerous we have seen since, say, September 1939. The fact that Cuba may be crumbling, that the Soviet Union itself is in a state of deep inefficiency and apathy, that the next President may be better than the present one—these facts may all spur the Soviets to force the pace, before it is too late.

So, on the face of it, we are heading for World War IV, or at any rate for a Soviet strike against Europe which would isolate America and give Lenin's History a powerful nudge to the Left. On the other hand, History does not necessarily behave as revolutionaries, or journalists, think it will. □

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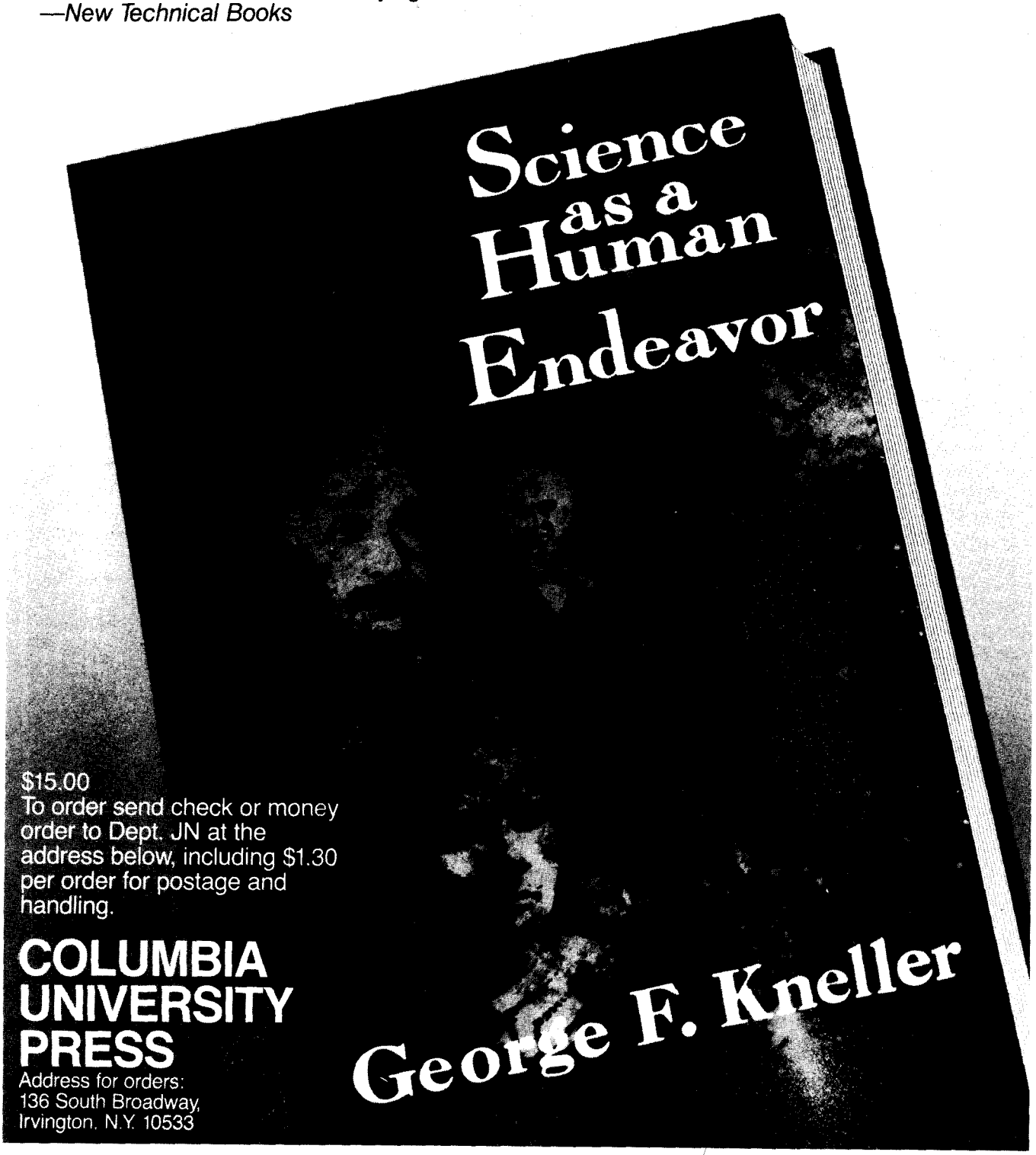

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NATIONAL JOURNALISM CENTER

Slant 'Em Right

RICHARD BROOKHISER

IN A STILL undecayed corner of Washington, southeast, in a second-floor walk-up between a gas station and the pungent rear end of a restaurant, the National Journalism Center is trying to undo the biases of the American media.

The National Journalism Center was founded in 1977 as a project of the ACU Education and Research Institute. M. Stanton Evans, Chairman of ERI, is also a director of the Center. ERI's administrative offices lie in a slightly snazzier block of Capitol Hill, S.E., over a bank; but two or three times a week, Evans goes to the Journalism Center's headquarters—also known as "the Gulag"—to preside from an office decorated with framed *Sports Illustrated* covers, a Free Chinese flag, and a three-legged dog named Zip.

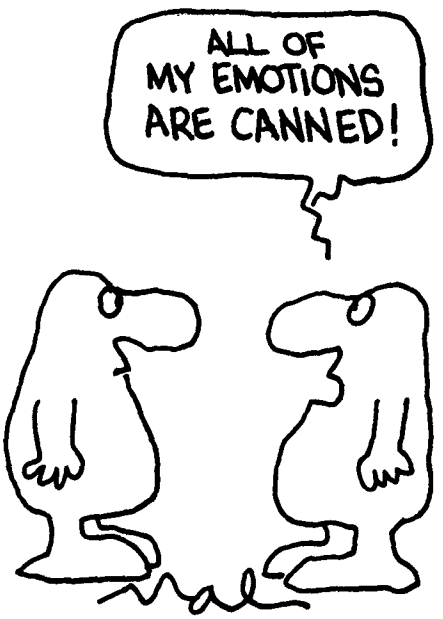
First Amendment Cult

Conservatives have been cussing the lopsidedness of the media for decades. The basic problem, as Evans sees it, is simple: "The quality of American journalism depends on the quality of the people who cover the stories." The majority of reporters are reflexive liberals; even at a newspaper with a conservative editorial policy, like the *Indianapolis News* (whose editorial page Evans edited for years), the copy comes in with a liberal slant. The National Journalism Center attempts to remedy the problem at the source: by offering on-the-job experience in even-handed reporting to young journalists.

Journalists come to the Center for an internship of 12 weeks. They come from all over the country (and occasionally from abroad). Some interns have had experience working as reporters already, but most are college students, taking a summer in Washington. Fifteen colleges, ranging from small nurturers of The Remnant like Hillsdale, to Stanford and Michigan State, have awarded academic credit for a semester at the Center; students from some 25 other colleges have attended the Center on their own.

Once they arrive, the Center finds them housing (functional rather than elegant), then puts them to work. Six weeks are spent in the Center itself, practicing the techniques of putting together a story. Interns prepare reports on important issues—national service, solar power, Cubans in Africa. The best of these become ACU ERI "Issue Briefs"—six- to twelve-page capsules of facts and analysis, which then go out to lawmakers and the press. Interns spend the remaining six weeks working with a real-world news organization —*Reader's Digest*, UPI, *Washington Weekly*, *Human Events*. Throughout the entire period, the Center holds weekly seminars, half of them devoted to technical lectures, half to discussions of issues—the functioning of radio news, perhaps, or the wire services one week; SALT, or economics, or some more abstract topic the next. ("For some weeks," noted ACU ERI's annual report for 1977, "interns had carried on an informal debate on the relationship of morality and freedom. ERI's July 8 seminar sought to resolve the question.")

In three years, the Center has grown five-fold. Evans and his colleagues now oversee three semesters—fall, spring, summer—with nearly twenty journalists enrolled for each (they hope soon to push the number up to thirty). The ACU ERI "Issue Briefs" have also been making their way in the world: several have been cited in congressional hearings or read into the *Congressional Record*, while others have been quoted by newspapers and magazines (e.g., the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, and NATIONAL REVIEW).



Ultimately, however, the Center must be judged by the success of its alumni —where they are going, what they are doing, whether they are putting their talents to work. So far, the record is mixed. Almost every graduate of the Center who has entered the job market is now using the skills he acquired there, and some have stepped directly into journalism or communications. The editor of *New Guard* was an intern at the Center in the summer of 1978. Other interns from that year now work for Accuracy in Media and for World Research, Inc. (producers of *The Incredible Bread Machine*). An equally large percentage of the Center's alumni, however, work for congressmen—researching, analyzing, preparing press releases. The temptation, indeed, is built into the Center. Journalists need news, journalists anxious to shed their preconceptions need intelligent political analysis, and Washington, more than any other city, offers both. Yet Washington too often takes back what it gives, sucking talent into its endless political battles as the Thirty Years War sucked mercenaries. Which is not to say that the battles or those who fight them are unimportant—only that the graduates of an organization like the Center are more urgently needed elsewhere.

Liberal Tilt

The Center must also struggle, more generally, against the probable *future* of American journalism, for at least the next five or ten years. Institutions build up inertia of their own. Today's liberal reporters will be tomorrow's liberal editors; the growth of journalism schools and the cult of the First Amendment will encourage them to be even more self-satisfied and hidebound. The National Journalism Center has a long and lonely trek ahead of it.

Which should make us all the more grateful that they've begun it. □

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As you probably know . . .

. . . Bill Buckley has just published the latest in his series of spy thrillers (*Who's on First*, selling now in bookstores nationwide). It continues the international adventures of Blackford Oakes, a dashing ex-Yale CIA agent — it's the third Buckley novel so far. The first (*Saving the Queen*) is only available in the paperback reprint edition, but *we* have a number of copies of the *second* one, *Stained Glass*, in the original hardcover edition (retail price $8.95).

If you have not yet read any of these best-selling books, we can offer you the opportunity to get a *free* and postpaid copy of *Stained Glass* if you will do us the favor of subscribing now (or renewing your current subscription) for a full year (26 issues) at no more than the current $21 rate. You not only get this $8.95 hardcover book free, but you also protect yourself against any possible price increases.

Of course what we expect you will do is read and enjoy *Stained Glass* — then run right out and buy the latest one as well! But whatever you do, don't miss this opportunity to get one of the original Buckley novels *free.*

Stained Glass is a perfect example of *why* these novels have won such critical acclaim. Sure, they're in the thriller *genre*, but only Bill Buckley would dare add all the other elements — marvelous stuff you won't find in anybody else's novels, you can be sure. This one takes place some seven years after World War II (round about when Buckley himself was in the CIA . . .), and has plenty of action and a plot that will keep you guessing right up to the final pages. More, it really *does* involve *Stained Glass* — and what you learn will illuminate that fascinating art as do the windows themselves (i.e., you'll see it all from the inside).

Again, don't miss this opportunity to get this famous thriller *free.* Just use the card facing this page right now.

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LYNN BAKER

The Communist Assembly Line For Olympic Champions

Toward the complete formation of the socialist personality, and increasingly to satisfy cultural interests and needs, the state and society encourage the participation of citizens in cultural life, in physical culture, and in sports.

—Article 25 of the Constitution of the German Democratic Republic

AMERICAN ATHLETES at the 1976 Summer Olympic Games in Montreal won 94 medals, 34 of them gold. East German athletes, representatives of a nation with a population equivalent to 8 per cent of America's and a land area 1 per cent of ours, won ninety medals, including forty gold. Having been a candidate for the U.S. Olympic Rowing Team, I had a special interest in the extraordinary success of the athletes of that comparatively tiny land. Last fall, I spent nearly two months in the "Germany behind the wall" to discover first-hand how East Germany does so much with so little.

One doesn't need to spend a great deal of time in East Germany to realize both the importance the state attaches to athletic participation and the many purposes sports serve in the DDR. Signs, literally, are everywhere. The text of the red and white billboard-sized sign that spanned one end of the stadium across the street from my hotel—the only hotel—in the northern town of Stralsund (population 73,000) is typical and revealing:

For Peace and Socialism.
For Health and Joy in Living.
Everyone Become Involved in Sports!

Administered through the schools, compulsory athletic activity for both male and female East Germans begins in the state-run kindergartens attended by 89 per cent of all three- to six-year-olds. Continuing through the ten or 12 years of primary and secondary education, sports training for both girls and boys is considered as important as the academic subjects; even tiny first-graders receive a minimum of two hours of intensive athletic instruction per week.

Athletic instruction in the East German schools is not mere physical training. The students' minds as well as bodies are to be "educated." An East German teachers' manual, intended for those working with children in the lower primary grades, explains that "through the encouragement of sports, the political-ideological education of children is to be supported . . . [athletic activities] are not ends in themselves, but are always means of political-ideological education." In another manual, sports teachers are instructed to "plant deeply in the hearts of the young generation the love of homeland, of our Workers' and Farmers' State."

When the school day ends, 63 per cent of all East German children take part in extracurricular athletics organized by a local branch of either the German Physical Training and Sports Federation (DTSB) or the School Sports Association (SSG). At the DTSB and SSG clubs, aspiring East German Olympians of both sexes encounter their first "gatekeepers." Coaches at these clubs are responsible for spotting young athletes good enough to be invited to enroll in one of the 19 special boarding schools for sports throughout East Germany. A large battery of tests, ranging from muscle biopsies to personality measures, is used to screen out potential Olympians from the pool of eight- to 12-year-old recruits.

Even those athletes talented enough to be chosen for one of the special schools have by no means reached the end of the selection process, however. Other gatekeepers ensure that no athlete remains in the system, consuming valuable and limited athletic resources, if it becomes apparent at any point that he or she is not Olympic medalist caliber.

WHAT GOES ON at the state-funded elite sports schools? I got as far as the front entrance of schools in Leipzig, Dresden, and East Berlin; each had a guard at the entrance who would admit one only upon presentation of "proper identification," and my U.S.A. passport hardly fit this requirement. However, two competitions open to the public were held at local sports clubs during my stay, and these gave me an opportunity to learn a little more about the clubs and their members.

The lobby of the swim hall of the Einheit Dresden Sports Club was filled with glass display cases containing student essays and artwork, all with the theme of Socialist

Miss Baker rowed for four years on Yale's national champion varsity women's crew and was selected to the 1976 U.S. Olympic Team Camp. She was recently named a Marshall Scholar to Somerville College, Oxford for 1980-82. *The research for this article was funded by Yale's John Courtney Murray Traveling Fellowship.*

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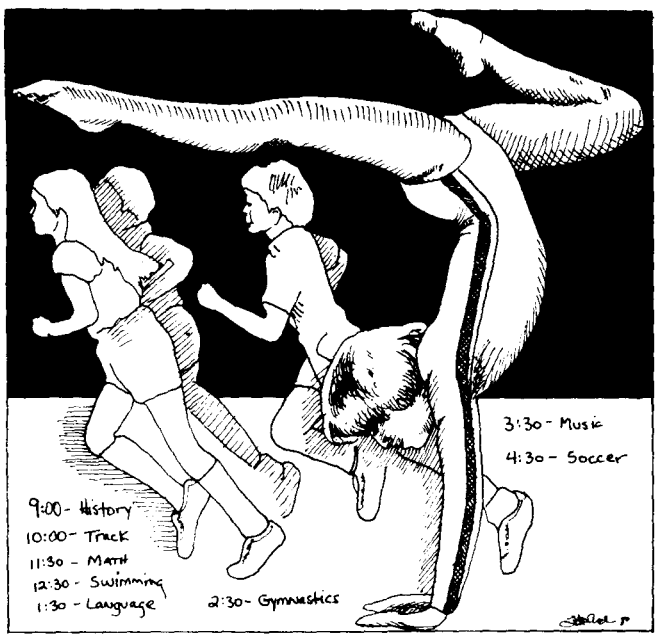
Sports. At the bottom of one display, however, was an article on U.S. swimmer Cindy Woodhead that had appeared in the East German press after her impressive performance in the World Swimming Championships a few months before. The article mentioned that Cindy's father was an attorney, and the next sentence, which was among a few select passages underlined in red, stated that "Swimming in the U.S. is a typical sport of the rich and middle-class."

I walked past the guard at the end of the hall and climbed the stairs to the spectators' balcony, from which I watched heat after heat of races in nearly every imaginable event. The middle-aged couple next to me informed me that the competition had begun at 9 A.M. and would not end for the day until about 6 P.M. The competition was to fill the next day as well. I asked if this was some sort of DDR national championship. "There is a team here from each of the DDR elite swim clubs," the man replied, "but it's not a championship, just a sort of test for the swimmers."

A recorded trumpet blare came over the loudspeakers. "Achtung! Victory ceremony!" the announcer shouted. As he related the times and order of finish of the six finalists, the girls paraded around the pool to a three-tiered platform on the far side of the swim hall. The East German flag and the red flag of Communism hung on one side, and on the other hung the flags of the two major East German youth groups, the Youth Pioneers and the Free German Youth.

The certificates of award were presented by a former member of the DDR national swim team. As she began shaking hands with the finalists and distributing the awards, I asked the couple next to me if they had a daughter in the competition. "Oh, yes," the woman beamed. "She'll be swimming in a race later today." The woman went on to explain that her daughter, like most of the competitors there, was 11 years old, and that it was her first year at the boarding school and club. Except for special occasions such as this contest, the parents were permitted to see their daughter only twice a month. And what was their daughter's daily schedule at the sports school? "She trains about six hours a day, but not at one time: classes and training sessions alternate. That fills about 12 hours all together. Then there are meals and, of course, saunas."



A short while later we watched their daughter finish fourth in her race. Before leaving, I turned to the mother and said, "She might be in the Olympics in a few years." The mother smiled and replied, "One can hope, but she was only fourth today."

Outside the building, near the entrance, a few young competitors, each holding a large Raggedy Ann-type doll, were playing and laughing. I walked over to the middle-aged man who stood watching them. "They're having so much fun," I remarked. "Yes, it's fun for them now," he replied ominously, "but in a few years there will not be the little dolls." "Are you a coach?" I asked. He nodded. Then apparently realizing that my German was not accent-free, he asked if I was a foreign exchange student. "One could say that," I answered. Neither of us looked at the other or spoke for the next few minutes. Then he called his girls to board the bus that had just pulled up and said, "*Auf Wiedersehen.*"

THE GREATEST event in an East German athlete's career, short of the Olympics, is the Spartakiad. Held every two years, with three times as many events as the actual Olympics, the nationwide Spartakiad is open only to athletes who have survived city and county competitions. Spartakiad participants must also have earned the "Ready for Work and for the Defense of the Homeland" sports badge, as well as Young Pioneer badges signifying political awareness and knowledge.

"The Spartakiads," according to the DDR's head of state, Erich Honecker, "always show the joy that our people find in life, and their enthusiasm for socialism and peace." But of all the proclaimed purposes of the Spartakiad—"to inspire all children and young people to exercise regularly and to take part in competitions, to promote talents and enable them to show top performance"—the most important is the selection and preparation of future Olympians. In the DDR, being a Spartakiad victor brings nearly as much prestige as being an Olympic team member. In recent years, with such Spartakiad champions as Kornelia Ender and Roland Matthes going on to become Olympic champions, it has indeed seemed a very short step from the top of the Spartakiad victory platform to the top of the Olympic victory platform.

These top-flight East German competitors are mostly unaware of the many people who have played crucial roles in their victories. Behind each of them stands a team of state-supported scientists whose jobs depend on the winning of medals. At the uppermost levels of East German sports, the coaches are a combination of father- or mother-figure, task-master, friend. Their only duty is to get the athlete to train with complete exertion and total concentration. *Planning* the daily "workout" and training program, the major task of the elite American coach, is in East Germany the job of the sports scientist.

Nearly without exception, DDR sports scientists and coaches are products of what East Germans call "The Sports College"—officially the German College for Physical Culture—in Leipzig. Occupying an enormous triangle of East Germany's second-most-populated city, the college is East

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Germany's largest educational institution of any kind, and has been called the most mysterious and controversial athletic institution in the world.

With a mixture of excitement and trepidation, I turned off Friedrich-Ludwig-Jahn-Allee at Number 59 to enter the main building. The small elderly female guard smiled warmly as I explained that I was a tourist who was fascinated by the famous Leipzig Sports College. I asked if there might be a brochure describing the Institute and its work that I could have. Eager to assist, she apologized for not having any such pamphlet, but said she thought she could arrange a tour of the college for me. Her next question seemed to come as an afterthought: "What country are you from?" My response of "America" brought an immediate second question: "North or South?" "North," I replied softly. She sighed and turned to the telephone inside the checkpoint cubicle.

I heard her explain to the Herr Doktor Professor at the other end of the line that there was a young woman from America at the checkpoint who would like a tour. After the briefest of silences, she responded, "North." After a longer pause, she said, "*Jawohl*," and hung up. Her head bowed, she delivered the verdict we both had expected: "It's not possible to have a tour." She continued: "It has nothing to do with the fact that you are an American. No one is allowed in. But Herr Doktor Professor said you can wander around outside if you like and look at the buildings of the College."

What is the magic that goes on in the offices, the libraries, and—perhaps most importantly—the laboratories beyond that checkpoint? Why are the secrets so carefully guarded? The information the DDR provides on the methods, findings, and purposes of research at the DHfK is frustratingly and predictably vague. This secrecy has led many Westerners to conclude that researching and manufacturing steroids and other performance-enhancing drugs is the main task of the DHfK. The best source for less speculative information on the secrets of DDR sports science is Dr. Alois Mader.

Born in 1935, Dr. Mader studied medicine in Halle, East Germany from 1956 to 1960. Until 1965, he was a researcher in industrial medicine at an institute in Halle. From October 1965 until 1969, he worked as a medical assistant at the main sports-medicine clinic in Halle, and in 1969 he was named chief of the Department of Functional Diagnostics there. Accused of having too much contact with Westerners, Dr. Mader was removed from his post in 1973. In 1974, he and his wife and daughter fled to West Germany "with the help of friends." Since 1974, he has worked as a research assistant at the Institute for Circulatory Research and Sports Medicine at the German Sports College in Cologne, West Germany.

I began my interview with Dr. Mader by testing him. "I was in the DHfK in Leipzig," I began, only to be cut off. "No you weren't," Mader challenged. "The DHfK is a near-military-security area. Had you gone beyond the lobby, one of the guards would have made a phone call and you would have been carted off for questioning by members of the State Security Force." "If I had been from the USSR rather than the U.S.A., would I have been given a tour of the College?" I asked Mader. "Perhaps," he replied, "but on such a tour one sees nothing of importance."

Among Mader's charges in Halle was the tall and muscular Kornelia Ender, who swam away with four gold medals and one silver in the 1976 Olympics in Montreal, leading her DDR teammates to victory in 12 of the 13 swimming races for women. A number of American women swimmers who lost to their East German counterparts maintained that steroids were the most significant factor in the East German women's success. Since Mader, in his capacity as a department chief in sports medicine at Kornelia Ender's sports club, had worked with her as late as 1973, I asked him if she had used steroids.

She had not, Mader asserted, as of 1973, when he was ousted from his post in East Germany. And between 1973 and her winning of five medals in the 1976 Olympics? "Ender's performances, obvious natural talent, and continual improvement during the time I knew her make it possible that her achievements in Montreal were attained without the use of any drugs," Mader stated. "If Ender *had* used steroids between 1973 and Montreal, it was possible that she did not know what she was taking. Secondly, even if she had been told or had suspected that she was taking steroids, her Vow of Silence as a member of the elite sports school required that she never disclose this fact, even to her own parents." Did any East German athletes use steroids during Mader's time in the system? "Steroids are used by top athletes around the world," he replied.

The sports college in Cologne, West Germany where Dr. Mader is now a researcher offers an awesome display of costly West German mechanical and scientific ingenuity. I had not seen anything in East Germany that could approach such expensive and expansive athletic technology. I asked Mader if there had been any equipment available to him in the DDR that was not at his disposal in the West German research center. "You must be kidding," he laughed. "Our equipment in the DDR was largely very primitive, certainly more primitive than what is available here. But we made what we had work for us. In the East, work is done in a 'push-button' manner: orders are given, orders are followed. The individual scientist is only part of a larger whole and is told what to research."

Just as East Germany manages to do more with less, said Mader, so the West tends to do less with more. "The coaches here in West Germany fear becoming superfluous. Many coaches do not choose to work with us in learning more about their athletes' capabilities because the coach's role in the West has not included the sort of coordinated effort that is the norm in the East."

Still, Mader fled the seemingly efficient Eastern athletic culture to join the less efficient West. He does not regret his choice. "Here as a research assistant I make more than two times what I made as a department chief in East Germany. There is not the constant pressure that comes of being constantly under watch by secret police, and I can research what I find interesting rather than what I am told to research."

But Mader is not convinced that the West is a better place for young athletes: "The DDR sports system is often accused of a sort of inhumaneness by the Western countries, but in my time in the West I have come to the conclusion

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that your system is more inhumane. In the East, we determine scientifically at a very young age, apparently with good accuracy, whether or not a child has any chance of becoming an Olympic athlete. The chosen receive the chance to develop their obvious potentials through a rigorous training program; the unchosen are left to enjoy sports as play and recreation. I have noticed in the West that there are enormous numbers of parents who prod their children into training many hours a day, believing and leading the child to believe that if only he works hard enough he can be an Olympic champion. Most of these children in East Germany would be left to play and to develop a healthy level of physical fitness. They would not have to suffer the psychological burden of an impossible dream."

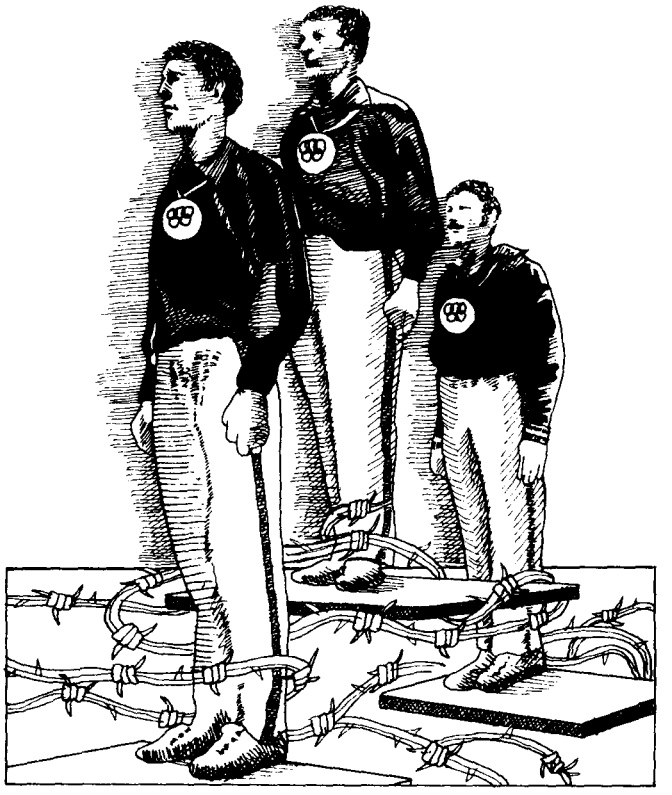
While young DDR athletes might not suffer the impossible dream that Mader mentions, they have their own impossible dream, one not shared by their Western counterparts. But this dream is a motivator rather than a burden. The dream? To travel beyond the walls of East Germany, a right denied to the average East German citizen until he or she has reached retirement and is no longer a contributor to the DDR's economy.

The value which the average East German places on this simple opportunity was revealed to me with unexpected force one evening at dinner in a Leipzig restaurant with a young teacher and her husband. After we had answered a great many of one another's questions about our respective homelands, this East German woman, in a deeply anguished voice incautiously loud for our surroundings, said, "I want to see France! I want to see Spain! I want to see America! Now! Not when I'm sixty years old and crippled and wrinkled and blind! Now! I don't want to live there, I just want to see something of the rest of the world." And then she began to cry.

For the DDR Olympic athlete, meanwhile, from his compulsory sports lessons at age three until he steps to the top of the Olympic victory platform more than a decade later, he lives immersed in a culture designed for thorough political "education." I could not help wondering, though, how effective this intense political education process really is. More than one East German parent confided to me that they were especially careful, in front of their children, to utter nothing but loyal socialist statements, however insincere. They feared their young children would repeat dissident opinions at school or in public. Parents also said, however, that when their children reached third or fourth grade, they could be dealt with more honestly, since they were then capable of understanding that a person may often hold two opinions—one that is thought and one that is expressed out loud.

Unfortunately, I had little opportunity in East Germany to speak informally with children, away from the inhibiting presence of their teachers, parents, or other adults. The following incident, which I treasure, was the exception.

Walking down a street in Stralsund, I heard a young male voice call after me. I turned and saw two small boys with gym bags beckoning me toward them. Curious, I walked back. "You're not from here," the smaller of the two stated confidently. "Where are you from?" "America," I answered.



And before I could ask my questioner how he knew I was a foreigner, his now wide-eyed partner said, "You're a real U.S. American?" Barely suppressing my smile, I nodded. "Well," the smaller one began, "perhaps as a U.S. American you will tell us your opinion of the neutron bomb?" "Or perhaps you can explain why the dollar is falling so rapidly?" his accomplice added. Dazed at being asked such questions by mere children, I asked the boys how old they were. "Ten years old."

A number of other boys of about the same age, apparently on their way home from the school a block away, joined us on the sidewalk. My original interrogator explained to them that I was an American, then asked me if I knew Jimmy Carter. I allowed that the name was familiar. "But do you know him *personally*?" a new arrival persisted. I shook my head. "Do you know Erich Honecker personally?" I countered. The crowd collectively shook its head. "Did you bring any American cigarettes with you?" an impatient voice called out. "Or Western money?" "Or bubble gum?" came other cries fired by the courage of the first question. I smiled, shook my head, and, noticing that an unsmiling adult had joined us, said that I had to be going.

I was not many steps away when I felt a tap on my right arm and stopped for one last conference. "How long did it take to get here from America?" a little boy asked. "About eight hours." He hesitated briefly, then said, "That must have been with an airplane." I nodded. There was a longer silence, during which my friend seemed to be doing some hard thinking. "When you go back to America will you go on an airplane?" he finally asked. I nodded. Looking up at me, he asked his last question as seriously as he had asked the others: "When you go, do you think you could take me with you?" □

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THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LAKER

In the past four years the Civil Aeronautics Board has transformed the world's air transportation system in its own deregulated image. CAB's next act is to disappear, by 1984. Is this any way to run a government agency? Yes

Looking Back on Airline Deregulation

PETER C. BRUCE & DAVID TRAYNHAM

JAPAN AND GERMANY may be able to make better cars, TVs, and cameras than the U.S., but there is still one thing America does better than anyone else—provide air service. A U.S. airline can take you from New York to Atlanta for $80, while it costs $305 to travel from London to Rome (a comparable distance). Part of the difference is due to historically lower operating costs in the U.S., but much of it is due to a difference in regulatory approaches.

When Alfred Kahn left the Civil Aeronautics Board to become President Carter's chief lieutenant in the war against inflation, he left behind a uniquely successful show—airline deregulation. This is one of the few instances in which a government agency has achieved stunning success by writing itself out of existence (the final demise to take place in 1984). Belying the predictions of those who said the new low fares would not produce more air travel, simply lower profits, the major U.S. airlines' domestic traffic for the 1978 summer quarter (the first peak travel period during which the new discount fares were available in nearly all U.S. markets) jumped 19 per cent, while profits shot up 78 per cent. Skyrocketing fuel prices cut into 1979 profits, but the industry remains in substantially better shape than it was prior to deregulation. Should Professor Kahn decide to return to his original profession, he will have a classic textbook case with which to demonstrate to his economics students the virtues of the marketplace and the magic worked by the law of supply and demand.

But the CAB's ambitions don't stop there. Not only has the U.S. started to decontrol air fares and routes domestically, but it has also attempted to persuade our civil aviation partners abroad to do likewise for travel between their countries and the United States. As a result, a Londoner now finds it cheaper to fly to Los Angeles (5,500 miles) than to Copenhagen (600 miles).

The Administration's campaign to deregulate the international air transportation system was started off by the collapse, in 1976, of the Bermuda agreement with Britain that had been the model for international agreements since the Second World War. Over the past four years, to the consternation of most other countries, the U.S. has been working quietly to remake the world's air transportation system in its own deregulated image. Seminal agreements strictly limiting the government's ability to interfere in the market have been signed with a number of countries, including Belgium, the Netherlands, Germany, Poland, Yugoslavia, Korea, Singapore, Hong Kong, Australia, and Israel.

MODERN REGULATION of the international air system began with the 1946 Bermuda agreement with Great Britain, which established the ground rules for commercial air travel between the U.S. and most of its civil aviation partners. The agreement represented a compromise between the pro-competitive views of the U.S. and the protectionist policies of the United Kingdom. There had been two factors working to impede agreement between the two countries: 1) U.S. carriers were in a much better position to take advantage of the "open skies" approach than were foreign airlines. At the end of World War II, the U.S. was the world's aviation superpower. It was not surprising that Britain and other European countries looked upon the U.S. push toward competition as a ploy to secure a monopoly over international aviation. 2) The U.S. approach to international aviation has historically been different from that of most other countries, where international air carriers are treated as instruments and symbols of national prestige, political power, and technological and military prowess.

Most of the traditional international airlines of Europe (British Airways, Lufthansa, Air France, Swissair, for example) operate as their governments' "chosen instruments," meaning they are granted exclusive franchises to operate the international routes selected by the government and in turn are guaranteed a "fair return" (read: subsidy) for servicing the routes. By contrast, the U.S. decided in the Twenties to keep the development of military and civil aviation separate and not to mingle civil air concerns with military or polit-

Mr. Bruce worked until recently as an economist in the Transportation Department's Office of Air Transportation. . . . Mr. Traynham is on the aviation staff of the House Committee on Public Works and Transportation. He is also a graduate student at Vanderbilt University and is completing a doctoral dissertation on U.S. international aviation policy. This article was not done in Mr. Traynham's capacity as a staff member of the Public Works Committee and does not necessarily reflect the views of the U.S. Government or of Congress.

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ical concerns. As a matter of policy, carrier management was left in private hands and was to be subjected to the rigors of the marketplace. Pan Am, it is true, did its best to become a "chosen instrument" of sorts. Prior to World War II, for example, Pan Am took upon itself the task of negotiating aviation agreements with foreign countries. After the war, however, the U.S. rejected Pan Am's bid for monopoly, when it made the basic decision to further competition in air travel by awarding international route rights to additional carriers. This policy has progressed to the point where the U.S. now espouses open entry on international routes wherever feasible. (All major U.S. airlines except United now have international routes, and six of them provide service between the U.S. and Britain.)

These differing approaches to world aviation made it difficult in the Bermuda talks for the U.S. to gain acceptance of its view that "trade" in international air service should be as free as possible. Even today, most countries do not wish to have "essential air services," or, indeed, the fate of their national airlines and the political goals these serve, subject to the vagaries of the market. Saudi Arabia, for example, insists on dividing up capacity between Saudia, its own airline, and Pan Am, fearing that otherwise most passengers would fly Pan Am to get their final shot of whiskey (Saudia, like its parent country, is dry). Hence, while agreements between the U.S. and other countries have reflected at least some of the United States' competitive impulse, international aviation not involving the U.S. was almost completely straitjacketed. For instance, most countries, leaving nothing to chance, prefer pooling arrangements in which airlines share in the revenues according to a pre-arranged formula, regardless of actual traffic carriage.

Enforced price collusion among airlines resulted in international air fares which are far in excess of those a competitive market would produce

The compromise arrived at in Bermuda reflected U.S. views on capacity and frequency (which were to be free from prior government review), but not on pricing—prices were to be set by a cartel of the world's international airlines (IATA—the International Air Transport Association), subject to government approval. This compromise was carefully hammered out at the time, and it worked reasonably well through the Fifties—although the enforced price collusion among airlines resulted in international air fares far in excess of those a competitive market would produce, particularly on routes not involving the United States. However, as we moved into, first, the jet age of the 1960s and then the jumbo-jet age of the early 1970s, the combination of strict controls on prices and no controls at all on capacity led to a saturation of most markets. Airlines, unable to compete in prices in order to fill the newly available seats, were reduced to competing by offering more frequent service. The planes became emptier and more unprofitable. With the evolution of aviation into a form of mass transportation, the Bermuda system has neither provided low-cost transportation nor guaranteed profits for the industry.

It was because the British felt they were not getting a "fair share" of the benefits from Bermuda that they denounced it in June 1976, seeking a new agreement—Bermuda II, as it came to be called—limiting the number of carriers serving the market and splitting capacity equally between the two countries. In the new agreement, Britain did not gain a guaranteed share of capacity, but it was able to limit the U.S. to one airline per route (except New York and Los Angeles). In return, the U.S. gained its point on the matter of procedures for resolving disagreements over fares, which would henceforth be set at the "lowest level consistent with a high standard of safety and an adequate return to efficient airlines operating on the agreed routes."

Thus, with agreement on this language, IATA, undramatically but none the less surely, lost its government-sanctioned monopoly control over pricing. From this point on, its status in the North Atlantic deteriorated as some members filed lower excursion tariffs on their own, ignoring its pleas, in an effort to recapture part of the low-fare market from the burgeoning charter industry. Recently, Pan Am has given IATA notice that it intends to have nothing further to do with its price-fixing traffic conferences.

So Bermuda II struck at least one deregulatory blow: the beginning of the undermining of IATA. In the process, it started the low-fare ball really rolling by opening the door to Laker's famous Skytrain service. From there on, though, it's a different story. Bermuda II was quickly attacked in the industry and in the U.S. Congress for having increased restrictions on the number of cities which could be served and the number of carriers which could serve them. The agreement stipulated that only two U.S. cities could receive service from more than one U.S. airline flying between them and Britain, and when the U.S. selected Los Angeles and New York, Pan Am was forced to drop its Boston-London service. In addition, Britain received a headstart of three years for British Caledonian's new Houston service, during which time no U.S. carrier could enter the market; U.S. airlines received similar three-year monopoly rights in Atlanta and Dallas. While scheduled airlines criticized the agreement's limitations on the number of airlines permitted to operate, charter airlines attacked the United States' failure to achieve a liberalized charter agreement in return for all the concessions on the scheduled-airlines front. Professor Kahn, who did not assume the CAB chairmanship until shortly before Bermuda II was concluded, had disowned the agreement by the end of the year.

WHILE OTHER Administration officials continued to defend the agreement for a number of months before they too jumped ship, a far-reaching shift in U.S. aviation policy began taking shape in 1978.

In the first place, the promise of new low fares held out by Bermuda II faded, at least for the time being, when Great Britain suspended the discount fares that were filed by Braniff for its new Dallas-London service and by Delta for its new Atlanta-London service, claiming they were uneconomic. The fares finally were allowed to go into effect, but this experience showed that Bermuda II did nothing to

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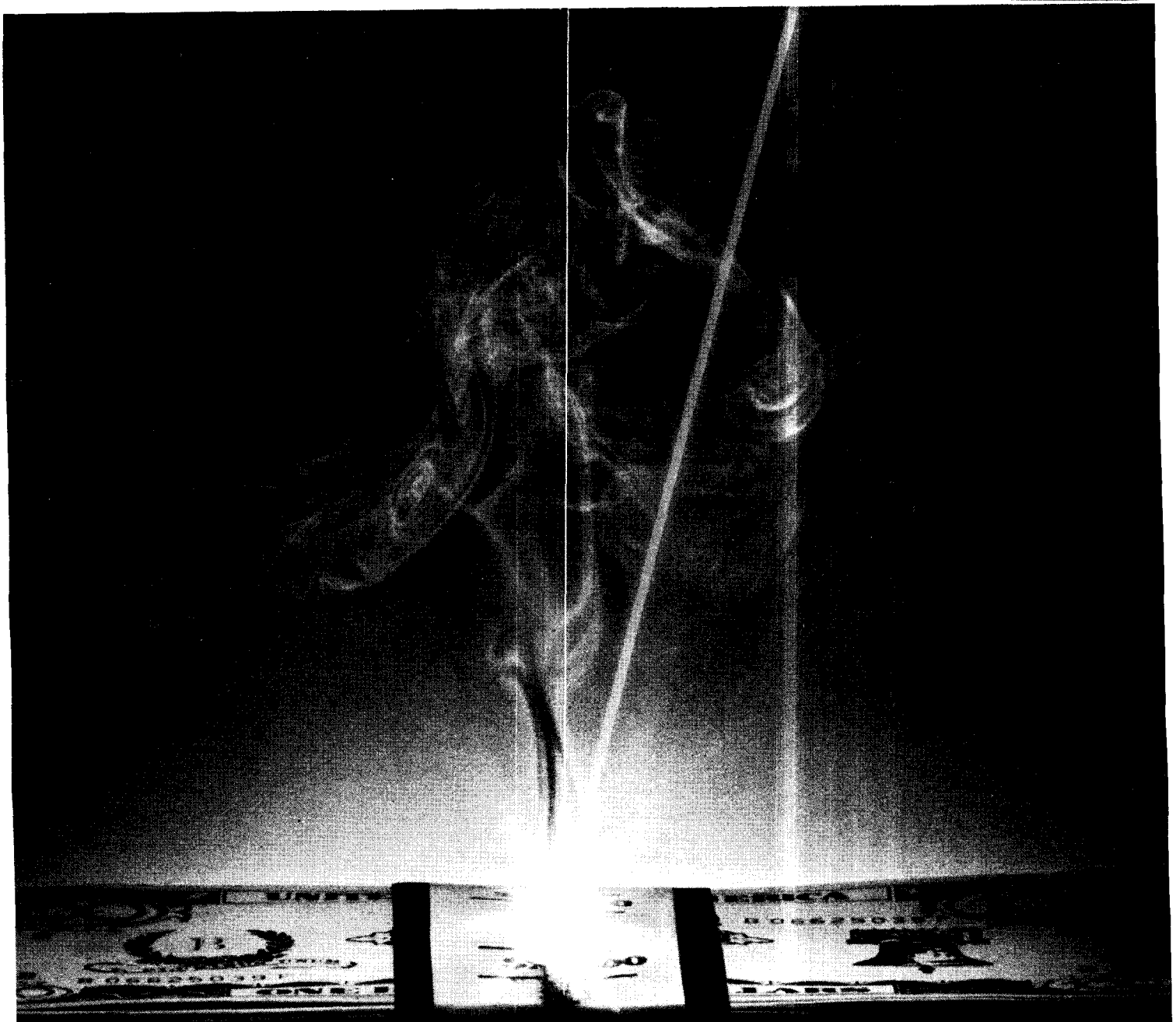

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institutionalize a competitive market, except insofar as the U.S. was willing to go to the mat and fight for specific fares. On other matters—routes and capacity—Bermuda II had been recognized all along as representing a step backward.

Secondly, and more importantly, the CAB suddenly abandoned its "gradualist" approach to deregulation. Ruled by lawyers up until then, the CAB had always operated under the dubious precept that the airline best able to provide service was the one filing the most cogent legal brief. No issue, no matter how simple, was beyond the grasp of the mighty docket. A case in point is the battle over the excess-baggage charges then in effect on international flights—baggage charges that had become antiquated with the advent of the jet age. It took Don Pevsner, an independent attorney and consumer advocate, four years of fighting to get the CAB to stop granting the airlines antitrust immunity for their collusive setting of these baggage charges.

When Alfred Kahn and his hand-picked administrator, Mike Levine (who has since earned the nickname "Ayatollah" in recognition of the power he wields), took charge, things changed. Supported by a Board majority, they moved quickly to let airlines compete in ways which nearly everybody agreed were precluded under the old aviation act. Their philosophy was to deregulate on their own authority, and let the lawyers worry about the consequences. By the time initial arguments in any court test could be completed, they reasoned (correctly), the deregulation act would have been passed and any outstanding issues would be moot. Their initial domestic successes led them to seek similar progress on the international front.

By this time, officials at the Transportation Department and the State Department were true believers as well, and these agencies all agreed that the U.S. should seek international agreements limiting governments' ability to interfere in the marketplace. In November 1977, the Transportation Department recommended that the State Department open negotiations with the Netherlands to revise the aviation agreement between the two countries. Even though the U.S.-Netherlands market was relatively small, the conclusion of an agreement with the Netherlands would put pressure on other, more intransigent European countries to conclude similar agreements with the United States. Otherwise, they faced the specter of their traffic being diverted as new low-fare service between the U.S. and the Netherlands developed.

This new agreement with Britain included an array of rules governing charters that was so bewildering as to set even the most jaded bureaucrat's heart aflutter

From the United States' point of view, the Netherlands was a particularly appropriate place to seek a liberal agreement, since KLM has been a well-run airline which thrives on competition and has long been interested in developing Amsterdam as a major European hub for traffic originating in the United States. At the same time, there was

considerable pressure on the Dutch to negotiate, since KLM would be especially vulnerable if the U.S. should conclude a liberal agreement with, say, Germany, thereby improving low-fare direct service between the U.S. and Germany and bypassing Amsterdam. In April 1978, the U.S. and the Netherlands duly reached an agreement which gives each country sole control over fares for travel originating in that country as well as sole control over rules for charter flights originating there. Either country can also designate any number of its air carriers to serve routes between the two countries. As an inducement to the Dutch to overturn the previous restrictive arrangement, KLM gained rights to serve Los Angeles and one other city of its choice.

The validity of the CAB's perception that it needed to put more pressure on intransigent countries was underscored by a charter accord we concluded with the UK, our most important aviation partner, shortly after the Dutch protocol was signed. This new agreement with Britain did allow for country-of-origin pricing rules, but, at the same time, it included an array of rules and requirements governing charters that was so bewildering as to set even the most jaded bureaucrat's heart aflutter. One can conjure up images of British civil servants assiduously poring over lists of charter passengers to ensure that no more than the proper number of passengers have been substituted for, that rules governing commingling (the mixing of different charter groups) are observed, and that the charter flight meets all the requirements of its particular category. The dimensions (and perhaps part of the cause) of Britain's productivity problem are illuminated by these rules, whose sole purpose is to keep the market from working as well as it otherwise might.

Equally illuminating, meanwhile, on the other side of the coin—namely, how quickly and how far deregulation can move if both sides are willing—is the milestone agreement reached with Israel in August 1978.

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Effective as of August 1979, the U.S.-Israeli pricing article prohibits government interference in airline fare-setting unless *both* governments agree to disapprove a fare. This means, in practical terms, that airlines will be free to set prices as they desire for passengers traveling in either direction. As in the Dutch agreement, each country agreed not to limit the number of the other's airlines which could provide service. Country-of-origin charter rules were established, which should open the door to greatly expanded charter operations in the future (Israel had rejected practically all U.S. charter programs in the past). In return, Israel received four additional points of its own choosing. The agreement was a notable achievement, especially given El Al's political and military importance and the Israeli government's desire to protect it from competition.

IMPORTANT AS THE Dutch and Israeli protocols were in terms of signaling to our aviation partners throughout the world that the CAB's deregulation efforts meant business, they also—but especially the Dutch agreement—signaled a shift in the domestic side of our international air travel policy. U.S. airlines did not stand to gain much from the Dutch agreement since most of the traffic to the Netherlands is KLM's connecting traffic. Hence, the agreement was, predictably, attacked as a "giveaway" of route rights, since the U.S. gained no tangible benefits in return, only language. But the deeper point that U.S. aviation interests had spotted in the protocol—the point they were really attacking—was the decision to start negotiating for the public interest, instead of for the airlines.

U.S. airlines (and previous policy-makers) had always viewed the granting of additional route rights to foreign air carriers as something to be avoided whenever possible, on the grounds that foreign competition was the last thing a faltering U.S. airline industry needed. The U.S. Government had now, as it showed in the Dutch protocol, adopted the view that foreign airline service benefits the public by providing travel alternatives—*and* benefits the U.S. airlines by giving them a healthy dose of needed competition. Thus, rights to serve U.S. cities are now viewed simply as "bargaining chips," valuable primarily as inducements to foreign governments to enter pro-competitive agreements.

While this new approach quickly gained considerable currency among top U.S. policy-makers—notably CAB bureau chief Mike Levine and former Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Transportation James Atwood, both of whom were brought in to spearhead the drive for deregulation—it has continued to meet with resistance from the industry and skepticism on the part of established bureaucrats. One former government official put it this way: "L.A. is forever, while low fares are a fad. Why trade gold for pieces of paper?"

Many industry officials seem unwilling or unable to comprehend the distinction, now being developed for the first time, between the U.S. public interest and the interest of U.S. carriers. During the Dutch negotiations, the Air Transport Association (the trade group for U.S. trunk airlines) complained that the Administration's new policy of granting increased foreign access to U.S. markets would lead to "foreign domination of U.S. air transport markets and the ultimate subordination of U.S. public and consumer interests." Charles Strickler, American Airlines' Vice President for Government Affairs, declared that exchanging route rights for liberal pricing clauses "unjustly enriches foreign air carriers at the expense of the international and domestic U.S. air system and may in the long run prove to be a cruel hoax on the consumer." One Department of Transportation official claimed that the new policy did not recognize that the U.S. consumer got a "better deal" from U.S. airlines than from foreign ones—as if the consumer were not capable of making that choice without government guidance. Chairman Kahn had no such qualms, stating that the best results from a public-interest standpoint would be achieved in a competitive environment, no matter which nation's airlines received the goodies.

The airlines and, in particular, the relevant labor groups quickly protested that it was not that they objected to competition *per se* (most airlines changed their positions on domestic deregulation dramatically after their predictions of chaos and disaster had failed to materialize); it was that they did not want the entire U.S. market thrown open to *foreign* competitors, which would have an unfair advantage because they were heavily subsidized.

Labor groups were particularly worried that jobs might be lost to foreign countries under the new policy. Chairman Kahn, in turn, accused the labor groups of "incredible timidity," noting that "in Europe, they are scared out of their wits about the competition of American carriers."

John O'Donnell, president of the Airline Pilots Association, speaking at Georgetown University in May 1978, echoed the concern over jobs and raised a new issue: "No man, woman, or child is safe with the current CAB and Administration making policy." It was his claim that the safety of air travel would decline as foreign airlines, presumably less safe than their U.S. counterparts, began to get a larger piece of the action, and as the financial health of U.S. airlines deteriorated under deregulation, forcing them to take safety shortcuts.

On the whole, however, the airlines and unions were not able to offer effective opposition to the new policy—in part because they were not of a single mind about it. Company officials who had predicted that financial disaster would accompany deregulation and had seen the reverse occur were understandably reticent about making additional forecasts in the same vein. Moreover, airlines without much international authority—particularly charter airlines seeking rights for scheduled service—had interests different from those of Pan Am, TWA, and Northwest. They saw large potential for gain under the Administration's new open-entry policy.

ONE POSSIBLE DIRECTION U.S. aviation policy could take in the future was revealed in February 1979 by James Atwood, then Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Transportation. At a symposium on international aviation in Jamaica—sponsored by the U.S. and attended by representatives of 25 nations and fifty world airlines—Atwood proposed negotiating a liberalization of designation, pricing, and charter rules with Europe as a whole. The inducement for the European countries to accept such a regime would be the right for their airlines to carry passengers *within* the

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United States. At the same time, the United States would be given greater local traffic rights within Europe.

For the time being, Atwood's proposals are only musings, since Congress would have to enact legislation abolishing the centuries-old prohibition on foreign cabotage—which it is unlikely to do. The notion would also run counter to the long-standing protectionist sentiment of the Europeans, which has to date prevented the U.S. carriers from becoming significant participants in the intra-European route network. Nonetheless, it's heady rhetorical stuff, and a useful yardstick against which to measure less sweeping proposals.

Of far more immediate concern to foreign governments was the CAB's effort to eliminate completely IATA's role as a price-fixing cartel in international aviation. Though IATA's monopoly over pricing has been crumbling around the edges for the last four years, the vast majority of passengers still fly at IATA-established fares. In June 1978, the CAB concluded in a tentative finding that IATA's price-fixing activities were not in the public interest and should no longer be sheltered from the application of U.S. antitrust laws. Since IATA's creation, its member airlines have been granted immunity from antitrust prosecution for taking part in rate-setting traffic "conferences." For some time, the Justice Department's antitrust division has been chomping at the bit over IATA, but so far it has been frustrated by the CAB's grant of blanket immunity to the organization.

Not surprisingly, foreign airlines and governments reacted strongly to the CAB's tentative conclusion. At bottom, of course, they did not want to lose the ability to get together to fix fares for international air travel: in their view, IATA represents the barrier between orderly business operations and cut-throat competition. However, there were two things about this CAB move that particularly incensed them.

Deregulation has met with a resounding success in the marketplace, and it is now clear that the 'ivory tower' housing U.S. policy-makers has a solid foundation in reality

First, they viewed it as yet another in a long series of arrogant attempts on the part of the U.S. to impose its international aviation policy on the rest of the world by force. Second, they doubly resented the demeaning position the CAB had placed them in (mere interested parties to a domestic regulatory proceeding who could file comments like anybody else) and demanded that the whole thing be addressed at a diplomatic level. In addition, they were greatly concerned about the broad extraterritorial sweep of U.S. antitrust laws, and the fuzziness of the boundaries separating liability from inculpability. Nearly all of the opponents of the proposed CAB action (and all but two of the countries responding were opposed) contended that the CAB was being myopic in its view of the situation. Even if IATA were eliminated, they said, most governments would be loath to let the free market reign unfettered and would impose price floors possibly more inflexible and anti-competitive than those of IATA.

In the event, the CAB, under pressure from the State Department and other government agencies, finally relented on the point of IATA's antitrust immunity. The CAB and the Administration came to recognize that actively pursuing the destruction of IATA was so alienating foreign governments and airlines that continuing progress in the bilateral arena could be jeopardized. After all, according to the Board's theoreticians, the most important factor governing prices is free entry into the marketplace. IATA, of course, has nothing to say about free entry, which is the province of bilateral government-to-government negotiations.

However, while the CAB pulled back on this question, Congress endorsed the Administration's overall international air policy by passing the International Air Transportation Competition Act of 1979. This legislation states that it will be a permanent U.S. policy to pursue competitive agreements with other governments, and it also gives the Administration new negotiating tools which enhance the bargaining leverage of the United States. For instance, the U.S. is now able to respond "in kind" to discriminatory practices against U.S. carriers, whereas before it was prevented from doing so. Because of this new law, the U.S. Government now has a somewhat bigger stick to accompany its bushels of carrots when it begins bargaining with other governments over air rights.

SHORTLY AFTER the CAB issued its show-cause order attacking IATA, SAS President Knut Hagrup accused the U.S. of trying to ram its policies "down the throat of the rest of the world." In the course of his complaint, Mr. Hagrup gave us a handy context in which to measure how deregulation is doing so far.

While the past behavior of the airlines bears an almost too perfect resemblance to that which a first-year economics student would predict for an industry regulated in this fashion (limited entry and cartel pricing lead to high fares and price discrimination; competition in non-price areas leads to excess capacity and extravagant in-flight freebies), Mr. Hagrup claimed it was not that simple: ". . . present U.S. policy is based on overly simplistic ideas of theoretical economics. While some of its aspects are highly interesting and may indeed teach us some lessons through experiment, it is not, on the whole, supported by the realities of the industry." He expressed hope that the U.S. would ". . . leave its ivory tower and rejoin the rest of the world." Unfortunately for Mr. Hagrup and his fellow pessimists, deregulation has met with a resounding success in the marketplace, and it is now clear that the "ivory tower" housing U.S. policy-makers has a solid foundation in reality and is in no danger of losing its tenants. Though fares in the past year have climbed at a very fast rate, owing to dramatic increases in fuel costs, relatively low fares do exist in markets where competition is the watchword. The price per mile offered in U.S.-European markets where there are a number of carriers vying for business is far below that offered in the very anti-competitive U.S.-Latin American markets. Within the U.S., fares to Florida from the Northeast are a real bargain —the simple reason being that there are a number of carriers serving these markets. Some East Coast-West Coast fares are also relatively cheap, for the same reason—con-

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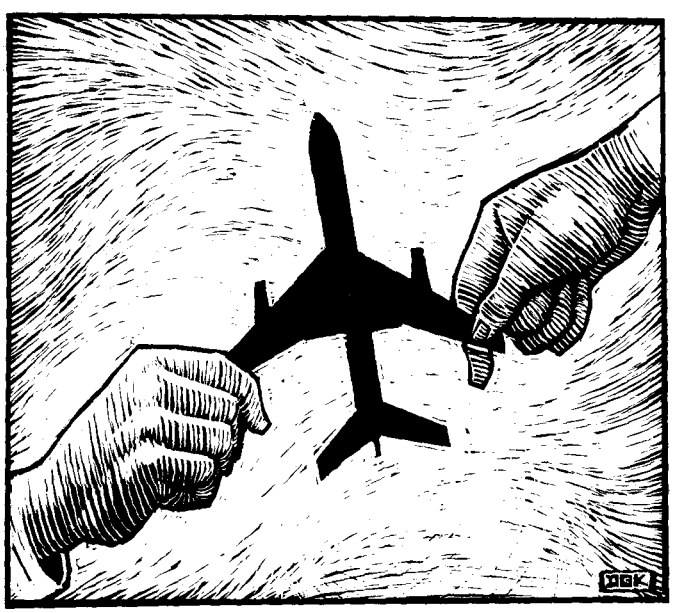
sider World Airways' fare of $69.99 between Baltimore and Los Angeles.

Of course, one of the most dramatic consequences of the new liberty was Laker's super-discount prices. Since discount fares of any sort were not prevalent in the rest of Europe, the Continent could have expected a substantial portion of its transatlantic traffic to be diverted to the United Kingdom. And in fact, Belgium's decline in traffic was one of the factors inducing it to sign the most liberal aviation agreement yet concluded with the United States. Nonetheless, scheduled traffic between the U.S. and the Continent grew 23 per cent in the summer of 1978, a higher-than-normal rate. Since most of the new traffic is composed of European citizens coming to the U.S., cheap air travel is not just something being sought out by American tourists.

In other areas of the world, discount fares have been late in coming and more restricted as to availability and application. However, Pan Am reports that its highly discounted "budget" fare (you choose the week, Pan Am chooses the day) has been successfully applied in the Far East, boosting both traffic and profits for the airline.

There is even some evidence that other countries have been moved by America's preachings, though none is inclined to step forth as an open convert. Britain was the first to show signs of cracking, though more under the pressure of airlines which resented British Airways' privileged position than as a result of any change in their theoretical approach to regulation. After finally allowing Freddie Laker to start his Skytrain service to New York, the British Civil Aviation Authority held its breath and quickly took the next logical plunge—it revoked British Caledonian's certificate to operate to Los Angeles (which it was not using) and turned it over to Laker. It also came out with a report, in February 1979, which suggested that the UK, in light of the U.S. experience, could also benefit from increased competition in aviation. In early 1978, the British went so far as to propose a virtual laissez-faire regime with Scandinavia, and the Scandinavians turned them down. But later that year the British did reach a limited low-fare agreement with Australia, allowing British Airways and Qantas to offer reduced-fare, no-frills service under highly controlled conditions.



This very agreement, however, shows the difference between principled deregulation and the sort of mild competition the British have so far been willing to try: while placating the public clamor for lower fares, the agreement actually restricts competition in this market by preventing third-country carriers from offering similar low-fare service. In the end, it appears that most countries are still more concerned with the interests of their national airlines than the interests of the traveling public, and it is this attitude which provides the primary stumbling block to complete acceptance of the U.S. policy. As long as foreign governments are unwilling to let their airlines be exposed to mortal dangers, they will be unwilling to accept the doctrine of total competition—one of the chief tenets of which is that inefficient producers facing extinction must be allowed to die.

In the final analysis, the success of the U.S. policy may depend as much on the behavior of individual airlines as on the type of agreement we have with our aviation partners. Don Pevsner, the consumer advocate, points out that there will never be pure competition in aviation, particularly internationally, because of the limited number of carriers in each market. He argues that the degree of competition will, in fact, be proportional to the number of carriers in the market, and will occur only in the most obvious area—fares. The complexity of airline tariffs, he feels, will leave a great deal of opportunity for non-competitive behavior, which bears supervision by a consumer watchdog agency.

The worries of other countries are somewhat different—they fear not too little competition, but rather too much. Open competition presents few problems for any airline in today's air travel boom—demand is currently expanding considerably faster than supply. The real test will come when air travel slackens and the new airplanes that have already been ordered are delivered. Will airlines revert to their old ways and fly airplanes which are less than half full in a dogged yet perverse pursuit of market share—and profit be damned? Or will they act as rational and prudent businesses and cut their losses, if necessary, by reducing operations?

Rapidly rising fuel prices and forecasts of recession have clouded the near-term future of the industry. However, the proliferation of discount fares has introduced a whole new group of travelers into the market, and the upcoming recession will hit at a time of extremely tight capacity (unlike the previous one). There is general agreement, furthermore, that airline management has improved, and that the boom-and-bust behavior of the late 1960s and early 1970s will be moderated. Cost-effectiveness, rather than exploration of new frontiers, has become the watchword of the industry.

Recent developments suggest that a number of countries around the world are giving increased credence to the notion that competition and not corporate collusion is the way to build a strong and efficient airline industry. In addition, there is evidence that the attractions and exigencies of national prestige have yielded somewhat to the demands of the pocketbook, and that the profit motive has acquired a good deal of stature in the operation of international air service. If this is true, then the United States' pursuit of free trade in air services faces a reasonably bright future, for competition works its magic only when its god—profit—is worshipped. □

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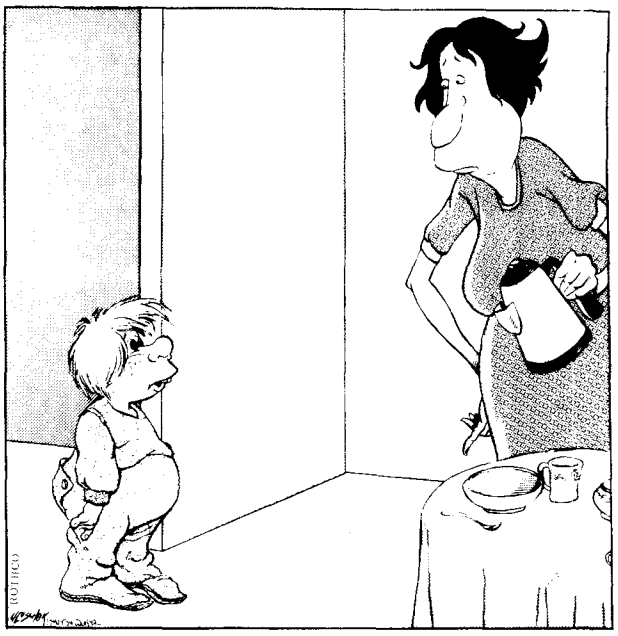
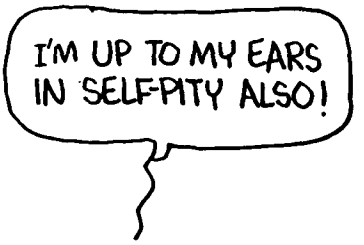


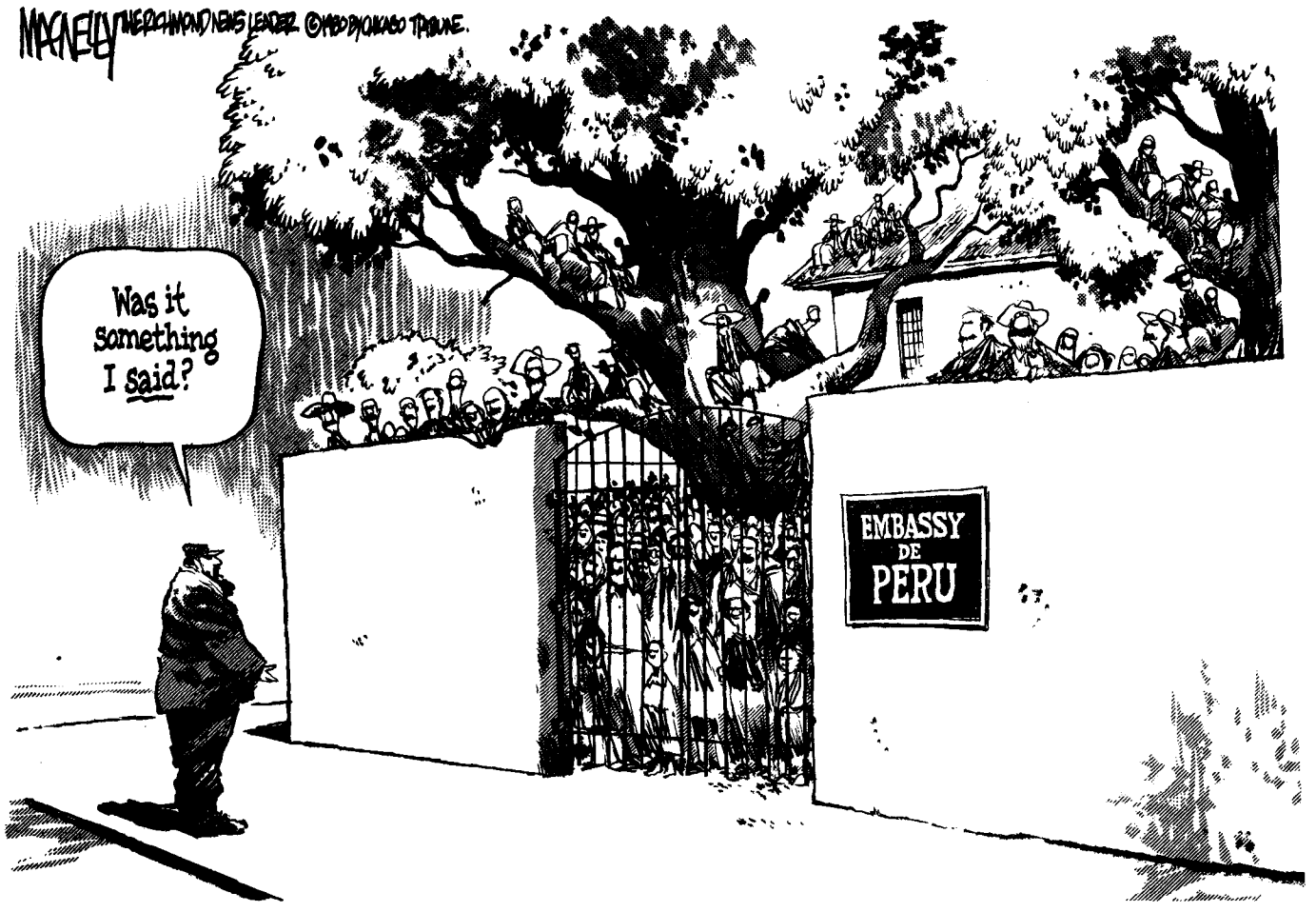
"Daddy won't get out of bed—says he doesn't feel relevant today."



Tremors

Last week I wondered: *Now?*
With silver on the slide
And sweat on Bunker's brow,
The bottom opened wide.
Though this was not the time,
We're destined for a jar
When, once again, the dime
Will buy a chocolate bar.

W. H. von Dreele



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Cookson — *London Evening News*

"Iron? Forget it! Next thing it will be trouble and strikes."

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Abroad

Baghdad *Khomeini the Enemy*

Tension between Iraq and Iran has become a force of its own in recent weeks and is causing both governments to reassess their dispositions of power in the Persian Gulf. Hardly by coincidence, Washington has been taking soundings with a view to improving its relations with Baghdad. The Ayatollah Khomeini has waged a particularly violent campaign of propaganda against Iraqi President Saddam Hussein, calling him "a Nazi, a fascist, and a Marxist all at the same time." Khomeini has suggested that the Iraqi government, "like the regime of the Shah, be consigned to the dump of history." There have been attacks against Iraqi government officials, and pro-Khomeini agents have been arrested. Six thousand Iranians who have been living in the Iraqi border areas have been expelled to their homeland. The Ayatollah is said to want to export his revolution to the Shi'ites of Iraq, who form the majority of the population but are controlled by a Sunni minority. There are other issues between Baghdad and Teheran, notably the ownership of two islets in the Strait of Hormuz, which dominates Gulf shipping. The Shah occupied these islets some years ago, as part of a tacit agreement with Iraq on the Kurdish question, in view of his self-appointed role as policeman of the Gulf. Iraq would like to inherit this role and has protested the Iranian occupation to the United Nations. President Hussein, at first glance, has nothing to fear from war with his neighbor. His army, 250,000 strong, is the best-equipped Arab army in the Middle East. Moreover, 60 per cent of the Iranian army has deserted in the past year and a half. But war between Iraq and Iran could have a serious backlash by rallying Iranian opinion still more closely around the Ayatollah and inducing him to make a serious appeal for help to Moscow, which would probably like nothing better than to come to his rescue in such circumstances.

Buenos Aires *Bombs for Bread*

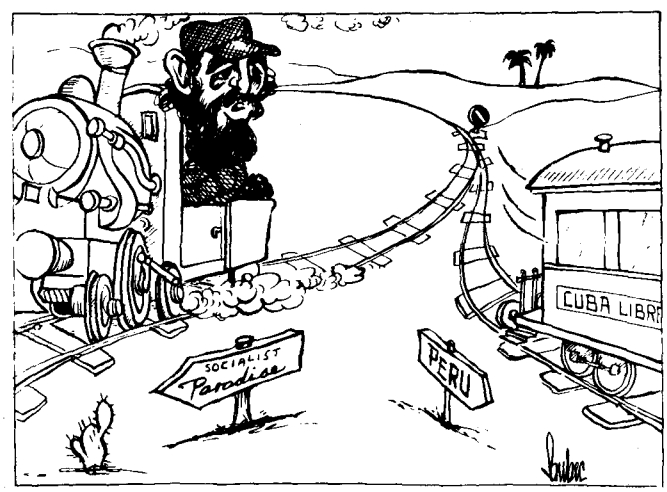
The Soviet Union is dangling nuclear cooperation before the Argentines in an effort to increase the scope and volume of economic relations between the two countries, a possibility that was raised here during the recent visit of Russian Vice Minister for Foreign Trade Aleksandr Manzhulo. Argentina has been considering nuclear development ever since the Perón regime in the 1950s, and observers believe that the country's nuclear capability clearly exists. In fact, Argentina recently made plans to purchase a reactor from West Germany and a heavy-water plant from Switzerland —intentions which have caused some disquiet in Washington. Argentina's dealings with the Soviet Union have been lopsided hitherto. The Russians buy a million tons of wheat a year here, as well as other grains and considerable beef, but Argentina imports very few Russian goods in return.

Naples *The Ungovernables*

Naples is traditionally hard to govern and never more so than now. This southern Italian city has close to a million and a half people, including 370,000 unemployed as well as a horde of black-market workers, smugglers, Mafiosi, "potentates," speculators, and illegal entrepreneurs. The "underground economy" exports five million pairs of gloves a year, for example, but there is not one glove factory to be found on the official tax rolls of the city. Now the mayor, Mauricio Valenzie, has written a book describing his experience, and comes to the conclusion that Naples is not a lost cause, though usually on the edge of being so. "In five years," he says, "we have come to learn the job of running the place, to know the workings of the machine, its defects and its obstacles." This is particularly true of the "parallel society" which bypasses the normal course of production and is not particularly anxious to be subjected to ordinary regulation. Valenzie, a Communist, claims his chief political problem is the opposition Christian Democrats, who control the city's budget and many of its services, and are pleased, in his words, to let the Communist administration "cook on a slow fire." But his troubles are more than political. When the municipality recently tried to control real estate speculation, it ran up against the resistance of black-market construction workers engaged in erecting illegal office buildings. This was the explanation, according to the mayor, for the decline of Communist votes in the last election.

Portsmouth *Tudor Teeth*

Men in Tudor England had better teeth and stronger bones than English people today, according to the examination of skeletons recovered from the wreck of the warship *Mary Rose* which sank off here in 1545. Even men over forty had no sign of decay in their molars. These discoveries are among the fruits of the world's most meticulous salvage operation, staged in the Solent near Portsmouth, which has been going on for the last 14 years. The *Mary Rose* went down with all hands as she was about to engage a French fleet in the English Channel, in full sight of King Henry VIII. Not only is there no evidence of dental deterioration, but the bones themselves show no sign of disease, including venereal disease. A spokesman said that the comparative absence of sugar in the diet could be responsible for some of the findings but that there must have been a positive dietary element present which is absent from regular food consumed now. Eventually, salvage authorities hope to raise the sunken hulk in a giant cradle and make it the centerpiece of a museum.



Bubec, *Die Rheinpfalz* Rothco

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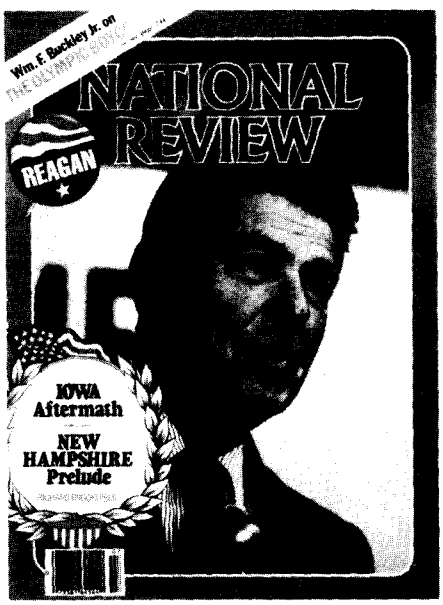

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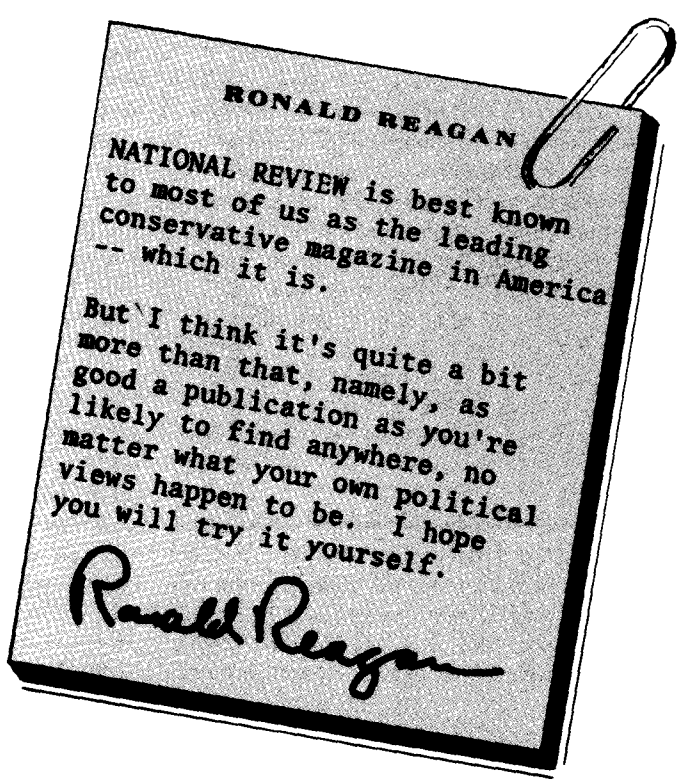
RONALD REAGAN
NATIONAL REVIEW is best known to most of us as the leading conservative magazine in America -- which it is.
But I think it's quite a bit more than that, namely, as good a publication as you're likely to find anywhere, no matter what your own political views happen to be. I hope you will try it yourself.
Ronald Reagan

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MARE NOSTRUM

Why Not a New Monroe Doctrine?

HENRY E. CATTO JR.

"WHY IS IT," a Latin American diplomat once asked his American counterpart, "that the U.S. pays so little attention to events south of your border? We are close neighbors, we share your religion and your culture, and yet our problems seem to be the last to attract your attention."

"Develop the ability to threaten us," the American answered, "and you will see a startling and dramatic end to that neglect."

The cynical Gringo was right. Every day, a new headline tells of the accelerating spread of chaos among these unknowns, our neighbors. Cuban legions girdle the globe; revolution wracks Nicaragua; our ambassador in Colombia is held hostage; El Salvador seems to have slipped over the edge of chaos as its archbishop is coldly and brutally murdered while celebrating Mass. If the tornado touches down next door, can we be immune to its effects?

Limiting the Damage

The answer is no, and the sooner we wake up to what is going on, the sooner we can start limiting the damage.

It is instructive to compare the U.S. and the USSR in terms of their attitudes toward their neighbors. The Soviets feel that Eastern Europe is vital to their security. They have had the resources and the will to guarantee that regimes they consider inimical to their interests do not emerge in that area. They have used a variety of means: annexation in the case of the Baltic states; armed force against the theoretically sovereign states of Czechoslovakia, Poland, East Germany, and Hungary; and political and economic pressure on Bulgaria, Rumania, and Finland. They have recognized the constraints of geography (Yugoslavia, though tempting, is a bit too far away), and the facts of counterforce (China is too big to bite off). But any chance they get, they will ooze into power vacuums on their periphery, ever anxious to buy more insurance. (Afghanistan is an alarming example.)

The United States never wanted nor sought totalitarian dominion; but, early in this century, it did use precisely the same sorts of tactics in order to achieve the security of the Western Hemisphere. We intervened in Panama, Cuba, Nicaragua, and Mexico, rationalizing our acts via the Monroe Doctrine, the Roosevelt corollary, and the Platt Amendment. Since World War II, however, our policy toward Latin America has been ambivalent. In Guatemala in 1954 and in the Dominican Republic in 1965, we acted resolutely, but the logical implications of these successful actions have been blurred, if not obliterated, by our handling of Cuba.

Having pulled our punches in the Bay of Pigs, we gave permanent status to disaster in the settlement following the 1962 missile crisis. It is curious that Kennedy's response in that situation should be viewed as a U.S. victory; in fact, although the missiles were removed, we gelded ourselves by agreeing not to intervene in Cuba in the future. The fruits of this folly are clearer every day. Not only do Cubans roam the world as Soviet mercenaries, sowing chaos, but Cuban-related problems have, ironically, contributed greatly to the probable demise of the Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty.

In short, the U.S. has sounded an uncertain trumpet for too long. The Nicaraguan revolution and the chaos in El Salvador have brought us face t face with the absolute necessity of for mulating a coherent long-term polic for the Western Hemisphere, a Mon roe Doctrine for the twenty-first cen tury.

Such a policy must take into accoun certain facts.

Geography is important, for powe is inversely proportional to distance Americans may hope for freedom an democracy in Chile, but our ability t affect events there is sharply limited Central America and the Caribbean however, are on our doorstep, and w have the ability to influence events i the nations located there.

The Sovereign Microdot

Geography is important in anothe way, too. In welcoming the sovereig microdot of St. Lucia to the UN, Sec retary General Waldheim said: "St. Lu cia may be a small country, but sover eignty is not limited by size." He wa wrong; sovereignty *is* limited by size.

Finally, even in the miasma of post-Vietnam remorse and guilt, the U.S. has interests which need protecting, and it has the capability of protecting them.

The President should, therefore, articulate a new policy. It should contain the following elements:

1. The U.S. will not permit the establishment of governments inimical to U.S. interests, much less foreign military bases of any kind, in Central America or the Caribbean. We have learned to our sorrow that a Soviet presence in our backyard is a genuine danger to world peace. We agonize about whether a given Soviet unit is offensive in nature or whether it is there merely in order to train Cubans. The scope of Russian naval activity causes acute concern. The proliferation of potential flash-points in the form of additional Communist governments in our area of vital interest could be extremely dangerous.

2. We must consider two types of government inimical: the one-man, rightist, authoritarian dictatorship and the Moscow-controlled, totalitarian, Communist dictatorship. Experience suggests that the former frequently breeds the latter. In Cuba, Batista spawned Castro. Eric Gairy of Grenada has produced a suspicious-looking mutant in the new Prime Minister, Maurice Bishop. In Nic-

Mr. Catto has served as Deputy U.S. Representative to the Organization of American States, Ambassador to El Salvador, and U.S. Ambassador to the European office of the United Nations.

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ragua, Somoza's legacy—unless the Nicraguans are very clever and we are ery lucky—will be a shrill leftist reime, if not something worse.

Conservative critics of American forgn policy fault our government—often ith reason—for failure to support our iends. Unfortunately, they sometimes ill into the trap of trying to defend ie indefensible. Somoza may have oted with us loyally at the UN, but he as insatiably greedy. He stifled dissent, hanged the constitution to suit his him, and presented a classic case of ie corrupting effects of absolute power. Ie was, consequently, a poor leader for is people and, in the long run, a poor iend to the United States.

3. We should not try to prescribe hat form of government is acceptable, nly what forms are not. To hold our eveloping neighbors to American standards of democracy or human rights urely is folly. Our attitude should exibit what the Spanish call *mangas anhas*, "broad sleeves," capable of enolding a variety of approaches.

4. We must recognize present-day reality. Mexico is an emerging great power and must be treated with the same respect as Canada; the days of Marines in Veracruz are gone. Similarly, Cuba has grown from a regional to a global problem. While we have certain means to help her come out from under Soviet domination, the process will be slow.

American influence can be applied in many ways—by diplomacy; through aid. The Organization of American States is a useful forum. Edmund Morris, in his excellent new biography of Theodore Roosevelt, puts it well. Roosevelt, Morris tells us, never tired ". . . of reminding people that his famous aphorism 'Speak softly and carry a big stick' proceeds according to civilized priorities. Persuasion comes before force. In any case, it is the availability of raw power, not the use of it, that makes for effective diplomacy." The game is played against the backdrop of military power, and from that fact we must not flinch.

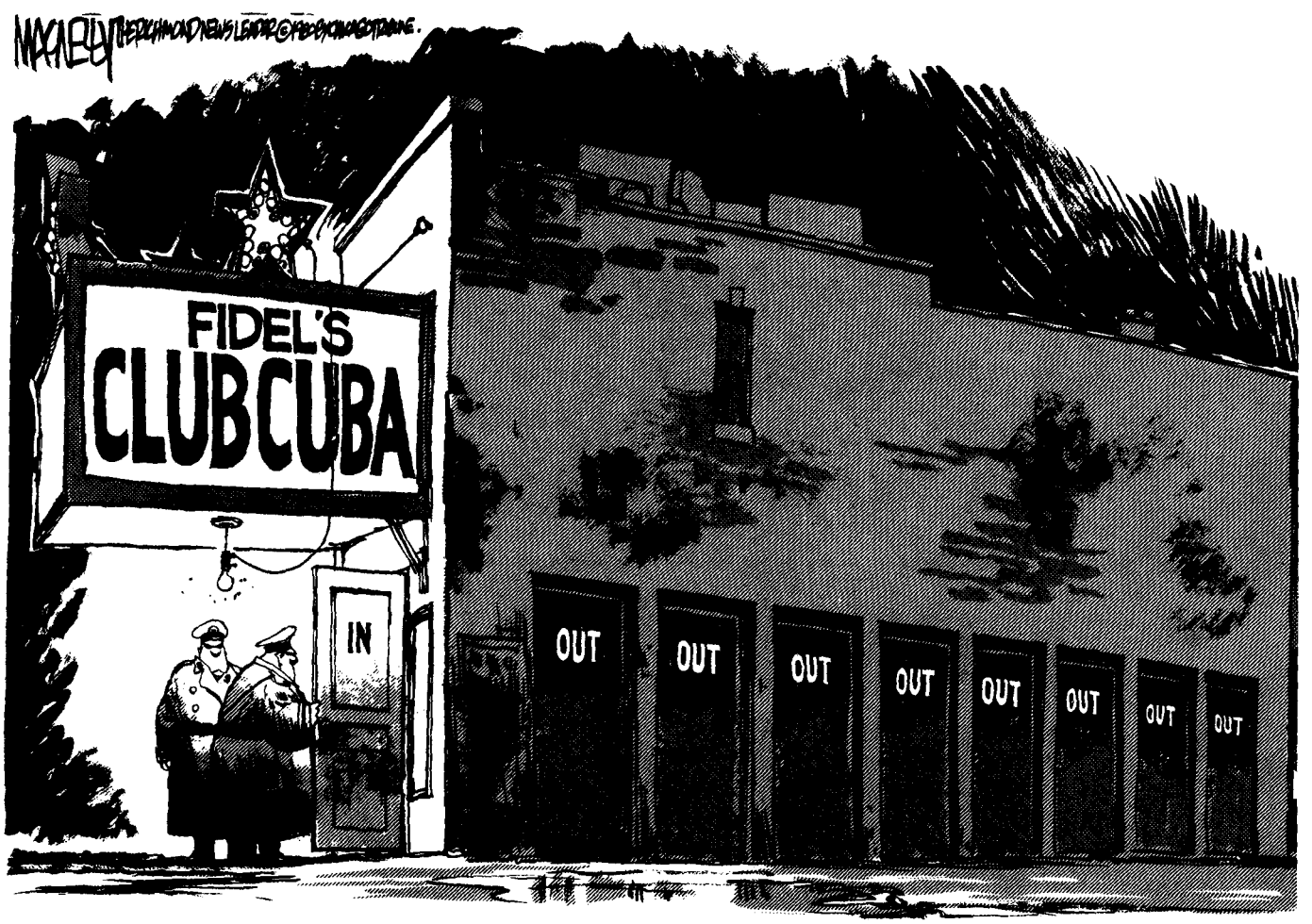
Proclamation of a New Monroe Doctrine would predictably be met with thunder from that home office of hypocrisy, the UN. Black smoke would pour from the OAS. Both democrats and dictators in Latin America would view it with alarm; Castro would bite through his cigar. There would, however, be many long-term gains.

The day of conflicting signals would be over: ambiguity is dangerous and invites adventure; the cause of peace would thus be served.

The Soviets would be put on notice with a line as clear as Davy Crockett's: "Step across at your peril." We would reap worldwide benefits from the resultant respect.

Over many a snifter of after-dinner brandy in many an embassy, Latin American diplomats would say *sotto voce* to their North American colleagues: "We could never say so publicly, but we are delighted."

Above all, the U.S. would for the first time have made explicit the limits of the tolerable. □



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The Private School Boom

The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

THOUGH IT has received comparatively little notice in the media, a beneficial revolution is currently unfolding within the ranks of American education. To wit: an explosive growth in private schooling, typically religious in character.

Between 1965 and 1975, according to the Bureau of the Census, the number of students in private schools in the United States (outside of the Catholic parochial school system) more than doubled—from 615,548 to 1,443,000. Robert Baldwin, executive director of Citizens for Educational Freedom, estimates that independent schools are currently being founded at a rate of about three a day, or one every seven hours; if this pace continues, by 1990 there will be more independent schools in the United States than government ones. Most of these newer schools have a religious emphasis or affiliation.

This pattern of growth goes sharply counter to the previous record, which had shown a steady diminution in private school attendance. For the Sixties as a whole, private elementary and secondary school enrollments, counting the parochial schools, fell from 13.6 per cent to 10.1 per cent of the national total; the number of students in private colleges has fallen from 50 per cent back in the 1950s to something less than 25 per cent today. The recent upsurge in private, mostly Protestant, school enrollments is thus a sharp reversal of the long-term national trend.

One for the Price of Two

The revolutionary nature of this change becomes apparent when one reviews the economics of the situation. The trend away from private schools was chiefly prompted by financial considerations—rising tuition fees for private education *v.* the subsidized cost of schools provided by the government. To send their children to independent schools, parents must not only discount that difference, but pay twice over for a single education—taxes for public schools, tuition for private. People willing to make that kind of sacrifice are clearly none too happy with what is happening in public education.

As Baldwin and others have pointed out, the sources of this unhappiness are not mysterious: declining academic standards, lack of discipline, vandalism, drugs, and other distasteful things occurring in the public schools. Worst of all, from the standpoint of many parents, is what they see as a subtle (and sometimes not so subtle) attack on traditional notions of family life, morality, and religion in many facets of public schooling. Sex education, textbook controversies, and the banning of religious observances from the classroom have contributed powerfully to these concerns.

The migration of parents and children to the private schools is not being taken lightly by officialdom. Attempts have been made at both the state and federal levels to get the independent schools under the thumb of educationist and other bureaucracies. A famous instance occurred two years ago, when the Internal Revenue Service sought to mandate quotas and other guidelines for such schools, on the grounds that tax exemption was the functional equivalent of a government subsidy. The forces that have been tilting U.S. education toward "value-free" and "affective" learning do not relish the prospect of schools outside their jurisdiction.

To counter such bureaucratic initiatives and strengthen the financial base of private education, friends of independent schooling are pursuing a two-pronged strategy in Congress. First, they are moving to nail the coffin-lid shut on the moribund IRS contention that tax-exempt status is the same thing as a subsidy and that private schools enjoying exemption should be subjected to official control. And they are trying to ease the huge financial burden on the patrons of such education.

In floor action last fall, both Houses of Congress passed amendments to funding legislation for the IRS, forbidding expenditure of federal money for enforcement of the regulations concerning private schools. Now an effort is under way to get at the IRS's interpretation of the law itself. Bills submitted by Representative Robert K. Dornan (HR-1002) and Senator Orrin Hatch (S-449) would spell out in no uncertain terms the fact that tax exemption is not equivalent to subsidy, and was never intended by Congress to be treated so.

On the financial side, bills are pending that would alleviate the problems of those who must pay twice over for their children's education. Tuition tax credit bills have been offered by Senators Robert Packwood of Oregon and Daniel P. Moynihan of New York (S-2142), co-sponsored by a large group of other senators, and by numerous members of the House of Representatives. While the approaches vary, the common object is to permit taxpayers to reduce their federal tax liability by some percentage of annual outlays for private schooling.

Thwarting the Feds

The latest incarnation of this idea is Representative Jack Kemp's HR-6578, submitted early in the present session. This proposal would permit a federal tax credit of up to $250 a year for elementary and secondary schooling, $500 a year for higher education. In addition, it would guard against the notion that the credit is a form of subsidy, and hence an entrée for controls, by stating that "any educational institution which enrolls a student for whom a tax credit is claimed under this act shall not be considered a recipient of federal assistance under this act."

On past history, the outlook for these proposals should be tolerably good. Tuition tax credits came close to passage in 1978, and the IRS interpretation of tax exemption is demonstrably unpopular. What remains is for the growing grass-roots fervor in behalf of independent schools to translate itself into specific legislation. □

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The Failure Of 'Christian Politics'

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

A LOT OF "believing Christians" have been making foreign policy for the United States since Jimmy Carter came to office. On their foreheads the ointment of "moral vision" glistens, and on their vestments is stitched the crusader's cross of human rights—the mark by which they wish history to remember them. The President himself reminds interviewers that he is "a religious man," and moves between his roles as Sunday School teacher and humble occupant of "the bully pulpit" with no discernible rupture of style or pace. Hodding Carter, like his ex-boss Cyrus Vance, may be a little more discreet, ironic, and taciturn about his religion, but of his own moral idealism there can be little doubt. A fairer group of Knights of the White Mantle would be hard to find anywhere in the annals of the U.S. State Department, not even under McKinley, who understood God's work in the Philippines, and certainly not in Camelot.

Indeed, one key to the inmost character of Hamilton Jordan, masked by a purposive image of buffoonery, is to see in him the moral idealism of a Vista volunteer (which he once was) embroidered around the edges with resentment of the corrupt Eastern Establishment, against which "this President" (thus distinguished from all others) wages relentless moral war. Renouncing all "inordinate fear" of the Soviets at Notre Dame in 1977, "this President" has never stilled his inordinate fear of the *real* enemy of the Republic: the established leaders of our unrepented past.

For months, someone in Ham Jordan's office was assigned to monitor any movement of Zbigniew Brzezinski down the hallway toward the President's office so that, as often as possible, Jordan could slip in either to monitor the conversation or to receive a report on it immediately afterwards. Mr. Jordan (so my informant insists) would then ring Mr. Vance at the State Department for countervailing advice. Dr. Brzezinski is regarded by Mr. Jordan as too smart, too Eastern, too potentially like Henry Kissinger, to be allowed to lead the President astray. As much as he fears Brzezinski's intellect, Mr. Jordan is said to admire Mr. Vance's heart. Mr. Vance is a certified White Knight; Mr. Brzezinski is not.

What are the operating principles of "Christian politics"? There are four.

1. *This nation, misled by its established leaders, has been evil and wicked, but under "this President" has been born again.* Turning away from the sinful policies of the past has been the leading foreign-policy imperative.

2. *The world we live in is revolutionary. Revolution is kin to repentance.* So the United States must not under any circumstances be seen to be "in opposition" to the world, particularly the Third World, but must get "out in front" of evolution and revolution. It must throw its weight "on the side of history," whose direction is believed to be unambiguously toward the Good. In this light, the abandonment of the Shah was a moral act; support for the Sandinista and other revolutionaries in Central America is a religious act; encouraging revolution in Africa parallels domestic support of civil rights.

3. *The primary force of evil in the world is not (as Solzhenitsyn thinks) the ideology of Communism.* It is the day-to-day historical sinfulness of existing regimes. "Change" is coming, like God's grace in personal conversion, and the U.S. must be on its side.

4. *A Christian foreign policy depends upon the use of peaceful methods, restraint, the processes of law and negotiation.* It should at virtually all costs be able to boast that it never has committed, nor will commit, a U.S. soldier to military combat, except in self-defense. Goodness will win out in the world without military battle.

Principles three and four are a little slippery, of course. *Perhaps* totalitarian leaders will, after all, turn to aggression. Such shocking ingratitude in Afghanistan has already given rise to "the greatest crisis since World War II." A White Knight, crossed, may then have to become an Avenging Angel, but not until he has turned as many cheeks as one Administration can place in a row. *Perhaps* military force will have to be used, even in Iran. But men of faith must try appeasement as far as it will go.

The vision is grand. To say that "this Administration" lacks strategic design is to misapprehend its commitment to Christian politics. The more it is humbled, the more it is confirmed in righteousness. Was not Jesus himself misunderstood and spat upon?

There is one serious flaw in such Christian politics. The course which Jesus walked led to crucifixion and death. Has any leader the right to take an entire nation down that course? Is the Bible a guide for nations as well as for individuals? Is there only one way of reading the Bible?

FOR THE Founders of this nation also saw the people of Israel (in addition to the Anglo-Saxon peoples) as the metaphorical predecessors of the American people. Yet they did not imagine that liberty was to be won without a shot. It was *liberty* they kept their eyes on. They understood the world as an endless struggle of liberty against tyranny. They undersood that liberty might not prevail; that it was a "noble experiment" facing dark and stormy historical odds. They were children of darkness.

The White Knights, by contrast, systematically avert their eyes from the forces of darkness. They seem to think that Resurrection comes without death and defeat, that "history" inexorably produces light. There is a strange inner connection between Carter's brand of Christian politics and the Marxist vision of history. Like the Marxists, the Carterites draw strength from a gnosis obscure to those of lesser faith. They are serene about ultimate happy endings. They see it as their duty to restrain military force and to abstain from power politics.

Christian politics turns out to be a product of what Reinhold Niebuhr used to call "the children of light," those who self-destructively read into the Bible their own illusions of righteous omnipotence. It is a form of idolatry.

God save us from the children of light. □

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Notes toward a Play on the Rosenbergs

DAVID EVANIER

EMANUEL BLOCH, the defense lawyer for Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, said in his summation to the jury: "This case is packed with drama. Playwrights and movie scriptwriters could do a lot with a case like this. Now who are the main actors here in this big drama? There is David Greenglass; there is Ruth Greenglass—that is one team, on this side; and in the other corner of the ring there is Julius Rosenberg and there is Ethel Rosenberg."

It is indeed a dramatic case. Like the Hiss case, it posits opposing characters who, as Whittaker Chambers formulated it, are "caught in a tragedy of history." Both cases have deep emotional ramifications: Hiss and Chambers were at one time close friends; the most devastating witness against the Rosenbergs was Ethel Rosenberg's brother, David Greenglass. In the Rosenberg case, there were two undeniable victims: the Rosenbergs' children, six and ten at the time of the execution.

Both cases have had embarrassing denouements in recent years. Those who proclaimed the innocence of Alger Hiss and of the Rosenbergs had been calling for years for the release of government files. They were sure these files would vindicate the defendants. In both cases, leftist or Left-liberal historians embarking on new books finally got access to these files. Starting from a presumption of innocence, to their surprise both Professor Allen Weinstein, author of *Perjury*, and Ronald Radosh and Sol Stern, authors of a new study of the Rosenbergs (a portion of which was published in the June 23, 1979 issue of *The New Republic*), have come up with guilty verdicts. Radosh and Stern do claim there is no hard evidence of Ethel's guilt. But after sifting through almost 200,000 pages of recently released FBI documents, they have written a more definitive indictment of Julius Rosenberg than has ever been published.

Many of the images of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg seem derived from woodcuts by Jacob Epstein, or descriptions of the ghetto Jews of the late nineteenth century immigration by Hutchins Hapgood, or Michael Gold's still powerful Communist tract, *Jews without Money*. Very poor Jews living in cold-water flats in an already vanishing Jewish Lower East Side, they were losers, rejects, leftovers, even as they reached out for their lives.

As a young rabbinical student, Julius was transformed irretrievably one day on an East Side street by being given a pamphlet on Tom Mooney, a radical martyr of a much earlier era whose case was surpassed in celebrity only by those of the Scottsboro boys, and Sacco and Vanzetti, and, in a few years, by the biggest martyr case of our century—that of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. One can almost see the lightbulb going on in Julius's limited brain—Julius who, with Ethel's help, graduated 79th out of 85 in his engineering class and eagerly went on to the business of espionage.

I HAVE BEEN surveying the literature of the Rosenberg case for the past several months with the intention of writing a play about it. I wanted first to acquaint myself with the history of the case, which led me to *The Implosion Conspiracy* by Louis Nizer, *The Atom Spies* by Oliver Pilat, *The Betrayers* by Jonathan Root, *Death House Letters* by Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, *We Are Your Sons* by Robert and Michael Meeropol (the Rosenbergs' sons), "The Hidden Rosenberg Case" by Sol Stern and Ronald Radosh (in *The New Republic*), and essays by Leslie Fiedler and Robert Warshow. Then I turned to the materials that were of special interest to me: the work of others who had tried to deal fictionally or dramatically with the case: the two novels, E. L. Doctorow's *The Book of Daniel* and Robert Coover's *The Public Burning*, and the two plays, Donald Freed's *Inquest* and Alvin Goldstein's TV documentary, *The Unquiet Death of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg*.

No current political subject ignites the passions like the Hiss and Rosenberg cases. They draw the deep dividing line between the "enlightened" and the depraved, the "progressive" and the ossified. The reason is clear: recognizing the guilt of Hiss and the Rosenbergs signifies the rejection of a view of the world in which the Soviet Union is the force

Mr. Evanier was the winner of the Aga Khan Fiction Prize in 1978.

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of Good and the United States is the force of Evil. It implies that the cold war was not a U.S. invention; it illuminates the existence of an underground Communist Party beneath the official aboveground one; it reminds us that these underground forces were not just striving, in Julius Rosenberg's final words, for "peace, bread and roses, and the laughter of children."

Leslie Fiedler's analysis of the defenders of the Rosenbergs in 1953 remains valid today:

> But, even if the Rosenbergs had performed the act of espionage . . . treason was not what they had meant; they had been acting for a better world, for all Humanity (i.e., for the Soviet Union, whose interests all the more enlightened had once known were identical with those of mankind); and, anyhow, Russia had been our ally when the Rosenbergs gave them a helping hand, standing with us side by side against the Nazis; and, after all, Russia had not yet used the Bomb, will never use it, never, never, *never* (to stop believing this would mean having to rethink their whole lives), so that sharing the atomic secret in this somewhat unorthodox fashion was really a blow for world peace; just look at the present detente, etc. . . . it led to the by-now-customary double bookkeeping of the Communists' friends, the exploitation of a vocabulary which makes it possible to say, at one and the same time, "They didn't do it at all; it's a frame-up!" and "After all, they had a right; their hearts were pure!"

II

The basic facts of the Rosenberg case are presented in the excellent books by Pilat (1953), Root (1963), and Nizer (1973). They are dramatically underscored (with a demurral as to Ethel) by the findings of Radosh and Stern in 1979. The facts are etched in the record: Ten months after the Soviet Union exploded its first atomic bomb, Julius Rosenberg was arrested. There had been a series of confessions leading to Rosenberg: atomic physicist Klaus Fuchs was arrested in Britain and admitted he had been a spy for Russia during World War II while he was participating in the Manhattan Project, the American Government's crash program to build the atomic bomb. After Fuchs was arrested, Harry Gold, a chemist living in Philadelphia, confessed to having served as American courier for Fuchs. Gold named David Greenglass as the soldier he had visited in Albuquerque, New Mexico. He said Greenglass had given him atomic bomb information. David Greenglass was arrested on June 16, 1950. He admitted that while stationed at the Los Alamos atomic bomb facility, working as a machinist, he had given information to Gold. He implicated his wife, Ruth, and his sister's husband, Julius Rosenberg.

The Greenglasses maintained that Julius Rosenberg had lured them into an espionage conspiracy in 1944. They said Rosenberg had sent Ruth Greenglass to New Mexico to urge her husband to obtain information from Los Alamos; Julius Rosenberg initiated the contact with Harry Gold; when David Greenglass was on furlough in Manhattan, h gave sketches and notes about the atomic bomb to Julius Rosenberg. They also said they thought Rosenberg wa directing an espionage network still in operation up to th time of their arrest. They stated that they thought Julius was receiving money from the Russians, and that his net work kept two Manhattan apartments for photographing documents. They claimed that Julius had given them $5,00(and urged them to escape through Mexico after Fuchs anc Gold were arrested.

Sol Stern and Ronald Radosh reluctantly arrive at a guilty verdict regarding Julius (though not Ethel), as did Pilat, Root, and Nizer—with even more convincing reasons:

> We have obtained independently and read all of the FBI files released so far. . . . All this new evidence has led us to the inescapable conclusion that Julius Rosenberg was indeed at the hub of an espionage network that continued to operate until his arrest in 1950.
>
> But not Ethel. One of the most shocking documents in the FBI files is a 13-page memorandum, dated June 17, 1953, listing the questions the FBI agents at the death-house were to put to Julius Rosenberg if he and his wife broke. There is only one question in the entire memorandum concerning Ethel. It reads: "Was your wife cognizant of your activities?" . . .
>
> Ethel Rosenberg was included in the indictment only as a hostage against her husband; she was ultimately convicted on tainted evidence obtained at the 11th hour. The purpose was to pressure her husband into revealing the details of his postwar espionage network. . . .

Stern and Radosh's assertions about Ethel's innocence are by no means as conclusive as their discoveries about Julius's guilt. But they raise a question that surely merits further investigation. One of the most telling sections of their remarkable article centers on Julius's confession to Jerome Eugene Tartakow, the young cellmate he played chess with at the Federal House of Detention:

RANDOM NOTES

■ LEFT OVER FROM APRIL: Amin Saikal's *The Rise and Fall of the Shah* (Princeton, $14.50) is an interesting, though at times questionable, account of the Shah's reign from the time of his restoration to the Peacock Throne in 1953 to his rout last year. It is in general overly critical of his accomplishments, but well worth a look.

Robert Penn Warren, who is made uncomfortable by the thought of himself as the subject of a biography, has nevertheless consented to the release of *Robert Penn Warren Talking: Interviews 1950-1978* (Random House, $12.95), edited by Floyd C. Watkins and John T. Hiers. Interesting enough, especially for those concerned with Warren in particular and the Fugitives in general.

■ SOME JUNE TITLES: Bertram D. Wolfe never lived to complete the work on his autobiography, *A Life in Two Centuries* (Stein & Day, $24.95), which makes fascinating reading anyhow. . . . James Q. Wilson has brought together in *The Politics of Regulation* (Basic, $18.95) a number of case studies culled from dissertations written by his students at Harvard, all of which tend to prove Wilson's claim that regulatory agencies are by and large useless, wasteful exercises in political and corporate hanky-panky. Wilson, who served as the volume's editor, contributes a concluding argument of his own composition.

■ EXOTICA: *Barbara Cartland: Crusader in Pink* (Everest, $8.95), by Henry Clouc is a biography of the Dolly Parton of Women's Romance, to the backlists of which she contributes a novel every week.

■ LEFT OVER FROM MAY: Thomas Molnar's latest book is *Theists and Atheists: A Typology of Non-Belief* (Mouton, $35) which considers varieties of the atheistic afflatus. —CV

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In conversations stretching over six months, Julius divulged details about his network during the period before his arrest. Tartakow, in turn, was reporting all of it to the FBI.

Tartakow claimed Rosenberg said he had not fled the country because "he had to take care of some friends"; that he headed one espionage unit in the area and the other one was led by two men, one of whom got out of the country one week after his arrest and the other who was already safe in Europe. . . .

Why would Julius Rosenberg have taken Tartakow into his confidence? . . . the main reason Julius trusted Tartakow may have been that he came with the very highest possible personal reference: from the general secretary of the U.S. Communist Party, Eugene Dennis, who was then also in the House of Detention for contempt of Congress. . . .

Julius's boastfulness, or impulsiveness, was a component of his fanatical desire to share his Stalinist version of history with the world. During the trial, Ruth Greenglass testified that Julius had asked her to visit David Greenglass in Albuquerque and ask him to pass atomic secrets to the Russians. Julius had said: " 'For the past two years, I have developed contacts with Russians and others to do work which will lead to real peace, when this war is over. . . . The United States and Britain are working on this project jointly, but they are not sharing with our most valuable ally, Russia. . . . You see, Ruth, if all nations had the information, then one nation couldn't use the bomb as a threat against another.' "

This was Ruth's version of events. Yet in the *Death House Letters* published by the Rosenberg defense committee in 1953 to demonstrate the Rosenbergs' innocence, there was a letter from Julius to Ethel in which, by odd coincidence (discussing a book by Benjamin Farrington, *Science and Politics in the Ancient World*), he wrote: "Dissemination of scientific knowledge to the mass of the people was set up as the greatest crime, heresy. This is true today, as in our own case, when the government is trying to sell the people on the myth of atomic secrecy and *prevent dissemination of scientific advances to the people*" (my emphasis). By another coincidence, this letter is deleted from the Rosenberg letters published in *We Are Your Sons*—a book which sets out to present much fuller versions of some of the Rosenberg letters originally published in *Death House Letters*. (There are other omissions, usually of more insignificant letters.)

The novels and plays about the Rosenbergs that have been attempted thus far constitute a freak-show of literature, though they were received with critical accolades.

E. L. Doctorow's *The Book of Daniel* (1971) is a skeletal affair, a soap opera spruced up with some sexual sadism, "creative" digressions, and an interest in historical trivia that came to full derivative blossom later in his *Ragtime*. The narrator, Daniel Lewin, is a graduate student at Columbia, the son of Communist parents who were executed in the Fifties for conspiring to steal atomic secrets for the Soviet Union. This is meant to be the older Rosenberg son; the younger is made into a mentally disturbed younger sister.

Not one of the characters is real. *The Book of Daniel*, pedestrian as it is, is illuminating in one respect: it illustrates that tract-writing, whatever the point of view, is the enemy of art. It reduces reality by anticipating and shaping it to a prejudicial design, smothering the complexities and joys of character and situation. This is poster art.

Here are the narrator's musings on such trivial questions as the guilt or innocence of his parents: "I find no clues either to their guilt or innocence. Perhaps they are neither guilty nor innocent . . . the radical wastes his opportunity if he seriously considers the issues of his trial . . . the radical must not argue his innocence, for the trial is not of his making; he must argue his ideas . . ."

The Book of Daniel is modern enough to have things both ways. If Julius is innocent, that's groovy; if he's guilty, that's fine too. You get the drift. With friends like Doctorow, the Rosenbergs don't need enemies.

They have another friend: Robert Coover and his 534-page novel, *The Public Burning*. There is scatological imagery on almost every page. There is also a buggering of Richard Nixon by the character variously named Uncle Sam/Sam Slick/Star Spangled Superhero—who is an incarnation of all American Presidents. Near the novel's climax—the electrocution of the Rosenbergs staged by Cecil B. DeMille in Times Square in the midst of a joyous, spectacular carnival atmosphere—Nixon makes out with Ethel Rosenberg in her Sing Sing cell and she smears a lipsticked message—I AM A SCAMP—across his bottom.

The book veers wildly from a literal rehashing of the Rosenberg case to a gigantic vaudeville in Times Square, including, in alternating chapters, an autobiographical narration by Richard Nixon. Coover is not as funny doing Nixon as David Frye is, but he compensates with length and energy. There are hundreds of Nixon pages here, based more or less on *Six Crises* and the historical record. What is the book's point? The Rosenbergs were victims of a plot by the United States, which had manufactured a world conflict between the "Sons of Light" and the "Legions of Darkness" of the "Red Phantom" (Communism). Get it? If there was no enemy, obviously the Rosenbergs could not have committed espionage.

Coover's favorite targets of America in the Fifties are the obvious ones: Eisenhower, Gene Autry, Nixon, Esther Williams,

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Walt Disney (Mickey Mouse specifically), Dale Carnegie, Tex Ritter, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, the Rockettes, Betty Crocker, Ed Sullivan. They are all present, along with the Senate and the House and every important figure in the country, at the execution in Times Square: "The American showcase, Playland U.S.A., the Electrical Street of Dreams—it was inevitable that Uncle Sam should choose it as the place to burn the atom spies." The Rosenbergs seem to have stimulated this venomous fantasy, but if they had not, one suspects, anything else would have done equally well for Coover.

But it is clear that the Rosenbergs have attracted some singularly fixated defenders. Donald Freed's *Inquest* (1970) was the first play about the Rosenbergs, and was produced on Broadway. It is simple, agitprop theater. One can say one thing in its favor: it is cleaner than the novels.

In his cast of characters, Freed refers to Ethel as "a socially and aesthetically developed woman . . . her brother's petty thieving and psychopathic personality selected her to play an incredible role whose first avatar ended in the electric chair."

Bits and pieces of the trial transcript out of context constitute the bulk of the play. Interspersed are "reconstructions," such as a flashback to the Rosenbergs at home where they sing "Solidarity Forever" together and Ethel murmurs, "Dear Julie, dear bunny."

Freed offers this evidence that the Rosenbergs were poor and therefore couldn't have offered the Greenglasses financial bribes:

> ETHEL: Oh, what's the use? There's not any money for another baby and any new things for this house. *(She looks in the mirror.)* I can't stand this sweater! God's sake, I look twice my age!
>
> JULIUS: Oh, come on, Ethel. Does everything have to be such a tragedy?

However, Mr. Freed does not "reconstruct" any scenes with the maid the Rosenbergs were mysteriously able to hire to clean their apartment three days a week for 18 months.

He has Julius explain to Ethel why they must be strong:

> JULIUS: Honey, honey, we've got to live up to the whole thing. . . . I've got new reasons every day too: the kids, the Jews, world peace, my hate for you know who, etc. etc. . . .

The etc.'s are Freed's.

Clive Barnes called *Inquest* "a powerful piece of theater."

I suspect that Alvin H. Goldstein's documentary for national public television, *The Unquiet Death of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg*, inspired the recent film, *The Trials of Alger Hiss*, produced by John Lowenthal, a professor who has done legal work for Hiss for many years. Both films have an air of objectivity and combine fascinating footage of the period and interviews with some of the participants with a careful, rigged manipulation of their materials to arrive at conclusions reached before they were begun.

We Are Your Sons (1975), by Michael and Robert Meeropol, gives fuller versions of the bowdlerized letters published by the defense committee in 1953. It also publishes many letters for the first time. This correspondence contains the most vital kind of information for a playwright. The absurdities that Leslie Fiedler and Robert Warshow cited turn out to be partly the work of the Communist editors who plucked the letters clean and dry.

The correspondence tends to make even clearer the guilt of the Rosenbergs, for it brings out their underlying hatred and ideological fanaticism. Put another way, the authors of these letters emerge as people capable of espionage. Yet the final paradox is this: in spite of everything, one can understand why the Rosenberg sons wanted to publish these letters in their entirety. They somehow convey, despite themselves, the actuality of two human beings hidden behind the placards, the screams and shouts, who are worthy of attention. Even as a guilty man and woman, they do at last germinate an image at the back of the reader's mind of a real man and woman. For a playwright, this is the beginning.

The letters catapult you into the supercharged masochistic frenzy, the willing sacrifice of innocent children, the wild unreality. Here are a husband and wife on the edge of death speaking of "the Rosenberg case." Here is Ethel, with her pretentious Victorian self-dramatization, her "ye mad masters," "low, vile creatures," "foul deeds," her "heart forever fraught with mute, abysmal anguish" at the "vile disgusting lice . . . spewing forth their filth." "Lo," declares Ethel, "when the Judgment Day comes, they will be ground into the dust where they belong."

HERE IS Julius, exposing a fanaticism capable of anything, writing to Ethel of his reaction to the news of the execution of Willie McGee:

> Mark my words, dearest, the harsh sentence passed on us is part of the atomic hysteria designed to brutalize the minds of the people in order to make it easier for them to accept as a commonplace thing long prison terms and even death sentences for political prisoners. It serves the added nefarious purpose of establishing a fear paralysis among progressive Americans. Before it is too late, our countrymen must be awakened to the hideous plans of the war makers who are utilizing these fascistic acts to pave the way for spilling rivers of human blood in modern, efficient, and scientific ways. Now! Today! . . . the loud braying of jackals of hate has to be answered with reason and fact. . . . Michael knows we are in prison kept behind bars and we are not allowed to leave. Do you know that he said it's like the North Koreans and Americans. They both say they are right and maybe both are. Can you beat such a mature statement from our eight-year-old? . . .

It has been said even by their detractors that the Rosenbergs, although they exploited their children by allowing them to be displayed at rallies and marches in their behalf, did love them very much. They did—but were "objective" enough to sacrifice them for the sake of "children" in the abstract. Affectionate passages about Robert and Michael usually end with the upbeat thought that while they are the victims, future generations of children will benefit accordingly.

These are people winding themselves up into mechanical Stalinist dolls, as rigid and predictable as such latter-day incarnations as the Moonies, the SLA, or the Jonestown members. As Robert Warshow wrote in *Commentary* in 1953,

> It is as if these two had no internal sense of their own being but could see themselves only from the outside, in whatever pos-

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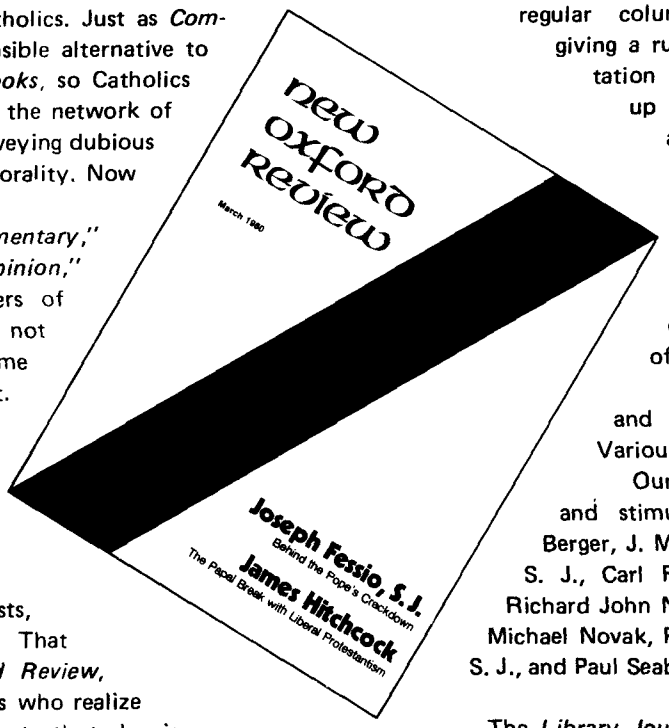

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tures their "case" seemed to demand—as if, one might say, they were only the most devoted of their thousands of "sympathizers."

. . . The word "Communist" never appears except in quotation marks; when Julius seeks to define the faith for which he is prepared to die, he can say only that he is "a progressive individual." . . . No doubt there is a certain covert truth-telling in all this, with "we are innocent" standing for "my resolve is unshaken; I will not confess." But one is forced to wonder whether the literal truth had not in some way ceased to exist for these people. . . .

. . . When he says, "it is obvious that I could never commit the crime I stand convicted of," we cannot assume that he is simply lying. More probably what he means is something like this: If it were a crime, I could not have done it. Since in the language of the unenlightened what I did is called a crime, and I am forced to speak in that language, the only truthful thing to say is that I did not do it.

If these displays of outraged virtue, these diatribes of hate, were not all there was to the Rosenbergs, *it was what they wanted to be.* Entering the atmosphere of a Rosenberg rally, as I did after their execution, you had only to look around you at the glazed faces of thousands of couples who thought like the Rosenbergs, in order to understand these letters. The mounting hysteria at the rallies became almost uncontrollable with the appearance of Julius Rosenberg's mother and the two sons. (I did not myself see the sons.) Then came the collection speech. To write a play about this, I do not want to generalize about these people because I do not want to fall into the same trap that led the Rosenbergs to see a vast faceless enemy all around them. But these letters reflected a general, willed state of mind that the Rosenbergs personified. Whatever private thoughts they had were bourgeois remnants of the past, to be throttled and kept down. They were true soldiers, with the abstract state of mind that created executioners throughout Eastern Europe.

Behind these masks, however, were two destroyed human beings, and this must be at the heart of the playwright's search: *who* they were; *why* they did this to themselves.

III

I will bring to the play memories of my own which should add a dimension of understanding of the milieu the Rosenbergs were part of. I came on the scene in the middle Fifties, when the Stalinist Left was in ruins, reeling from the effect of the Hungarian revolution and Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin's crimes. These things made deep impressions on me:

—A casual lunch conversation with an unusually flexible official of the Rosenberg-Sobell Committee. He said to me: "I read the transcript of the Rosenbergs' trial for the first time last night. You know, what if the Rosenbergs were guilty after all?"

—Vivacious comrade Rose, who worked at the Jefferson Book Shop. She was a Jewish woman in her fifties, married to one of the original Harlem Globetrotters. Rose had the true Stalinist's capacity to recover from such cruel blows as Khrushchev's speech. She had found a new hero: Castro. One day when I came into the bookshop, Rose locked the door, giggled, and dug out two liquor miniatures from her handbag to celebrate with me the victory of "our Fidel."

—The pretty musician in her thirties who "tested" her friends at parties. She would make critical remarks about the Soviet Union, and wait for them to protest. When they did, a smile broke over her face. "No matter what, it's the first land of Socialism, and we know which side we're on,' she said.

—A strange pariah from Los Angeles with a smell of hunger, who walked mincingly down the street with his shopping bag. This was Irwin Edelman. He conducted a simultaneous one-man campaign for the Rosenbergs and against the Communist-run defense committee, which he despised (he had been expelled from the CP some time before). Edelman recognized that the committee was trying to get the Rosenbergs hanged to aid Communist propaganda, and he tried his damnedest to fight them.

Louis Nizer writes about Edelman's role: "There were two days until execution. Then the most remarkable incident of the Rosenberg case occurred. If mathematicians had attempted to calculate the possibility of its happening, they would have had to employ infinity as a measure of the odds. . . ."

WHAT happened was this: Edelman had enlisted two lawyers, Fyke Farmer and Dan G. Marshall. They appeared in court with a motion arguing that the Rosenbergs had been unlawfully sentenced under the Espionage Act of 1917. They claimed that the penalty provisions of that act had been superseded by the Atomic Energy Act of 1946, and the court did not have the lawful power to impose the death penalty without the specific recommendation of a jury. Judge Kaufman rejected their petition. But Edelman, Marshall, and Farmer rushed to Washington to the Supreme Court. The defense lawyer, Emanuel Bloch, would have nothing to do with them.

The Supreme Court had adjourned for the summer. Marshall and Farmer desperately descended on Justice Douglas on his way out the door. He took their brief, studied it all night, and granted a stay the following morning. Bloch and the Rosenberg defense committee were flabbergasted. In due course the Court vacated the stay; but Edelman had nearly succeeded.

I knew Irwin Edelman, and during the period when I was on the loose in Greenwich Village looking for a new family among the Left, I typed some of his pamphlets for him; but I was not aware of his unique impact on the case. He will be in the play, and not as the footnote he is in all the accounts of the case written by left-wing historians.

I also want to draw upon some of the vivid scenes Louis Nizer presents of heart-rending visits to the Rosenbergs by their sons, and the scene in which Ethel and Julius are al-

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›wed to embrace: they kiss so violently they practically ıpe each other, and have to be handcuffed. And the scenes f the Rosenberg rallies, the children seated on the stage stening to accounts of their parents' execution, have spell-inding potential. And the scenes of the young Ethel singing ıe Yiddish song "Ciribiribin" on stage at Loew's Delancey n amateur night. She wanted to be a singer and actress nd once appeared as the sister of a doomed man awaiting xecution in a melodrama called *The Valiant*.

I will have to determine to my own satisfaction whether ıe questions Stern and Radosh raise about Ethel's legal uilt are valid ones. It is hard to imagine she did not now, and approve, of what Julius was doing. In any case, believe their execution was a mistake. I have no doubt that the death penalty accomplished only one thing: a solid propaganda victory for the Communist world. It was powerful enough to distract attention from the trial and execution by hanging of Rudolf Slansky and seven other "bourgeois, nationalist, Zionist" Jews in Czechoslovakia in December 1952.

And now the real task begins: to write the play itself. I am beginning to visualize it. Throughout the play, there will be a map behind the Rosenbergs of the "Socialist" world in glorious colors. Drops of blood will gradually appear on it. As the play progresses, the bloodstains will spread and encroach, and by the end of the play the map will be a sea of blood.

The curtain rises. □

he Minimum State: Beyond Party Politics
y Brian Crozier
Hamish Hamilton, 229 pp., $26

THE GLORY OF SWITZERLAND

IOSEPH SOBRAN

Funny that this book should remind me of John Anderson. Brian Crozier is not only disgusted but alarmed by modern party politics, blaming it for the present disorder and peril. He finds the world's only healthy government in Switzerland, where a set of direct-democracy devices seems to have successfully checked and tamed the excesses of the party system. I suspect that Anderson's aura of stern and snow-capped virtue has some of the same appeal for many American voters who are sick of the two authorized factions.

In *The Minimum State* Mr. Crozier contends that we are "over-governed." He means something specific by this. A near-libertarian of sorts, he holds that the state has three essential functions: to prevent crime, to prevent foreign attack, and to keep a stable currency. And citing the Swiss economist Felix Somary, he posits "inversive propositions" according to which the state will, for instance, fail to perform its essential functions in proportion as it takes on extraneous tasks. A welfare state tends, by these laws, to produce inflation, crime, and weak defenses.

Crozier is to be thanked for calling attention to Somary, whose little book *Democracy at Bay* is an excellent distillation of political and historical insight. Published here in 1952, it is hard to come by; I own the only copy I have ever seen. I suppose both writers are somehow vindicated by the fact that although their books are of comparable size, Crozier's costs more than ten times as much as Somary's cost. Crozier is well worth reading; Somary well worth reviving.

In all the democracies, Crozier argues, the parties have overloaded and undermined the state, which can no longer do its proper work. This would be serious enough even without the Soviet threat; with that threat it may prove catastrophic.

THE PARTIES, after all, are not composed of political philosophers, but of ambitious men who seek office and its spoils and who have no interest in defining the state's "essential" functions, much less limiting themselves thereto. In a competition based on this principle the most reckless promiser and spender has a natural advantage. Hence the Democrats and Labor, say, win most of the time; even when they don't, they can put distracting pressures on the Republicans and Tories, who in any case usually win office, now, only when their opponents have made things really impossible. To put it another way, the more responsible party is allowed to have power only intermittently, and for the purpose of cleaning up the mess left by the other side. In these circumstances it isn't practical even to think of restoring the state to anything like an ideal condition.

Party politics, therefore, has only the most tenuous relation to good government. Crozier is disenchanted with current ideas of democracy and, given the mess the parties have made in nearly all the democracies, thinks collapse is on the way: Britain, France, and Italy have already had near misses. He also contends that the military men who stage the coups for which our southern neighbors are so notorious are, on the whole, highly civic-minded men who seek to restore good government when the politicians have ruined it. He thinks even the United States may see a coup one of these days, though he doesn't predict it. The point is that we live in a moment of emergency, and one country after another has had, in spite of those who run things democratically, to face the music and, somehow, get those key state functions done.

Crozier prescribes a return to the "minimum state," whose triune purposes would promote a set of 18 basic rights: to work, travel, marry, worship, and so forth. He thinks this is impossible unless we abolish parties as political entities (he would allow them as pressure groups). This also means abolishing politicians as we know them, and Crozier makes no bones about it: he would have government run by licensed members of a "profession of politics," men specially trained and appointed to stand for office by a "College of Politicians" (like the College of Cardinals), the final selection being made by the mass of voters. These new rulers would be elected on the basis of personal mer-

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its, rather than membership in any faction. Once elected, they would confine themselves to running the minimum state instead of dividing up booty.

It sounds utopian, even platonic, which is an odd reaction to so redoubtable a Burnhamite as Mr. Crozier. I am not sure how to take this book, coming from him. Sometimes drastic reforms are necessary, and they aren't going to occur unless someone takes the long shot of making drastic suggestions. When the clock is running out the quarterback may have no choice but to throw what would otherwise be a reckless pass.

Still, that isn't quite the Crozier style. Then again, reforms need not be adopted completely in order to do some good. Freeing *some* slaves or lifting *some* price controls is better than doing nothing. But I find it hard to imagine how the Crozier program could be partly implemented: it seems to require an all-or-nothing commitment. And I can hardly think the author expects his proposals to be embraced, even by the Thatcher government.

Perhaps he is being platonic in another sense. I suspect his concrete purpose is to encourage us, by shock if he has to (not every book on the rack defends military coups), to reconceive our political arrangements, which, as he reminds us early on, weren't born so very long ago and may just conceivably prove impermanent. When reality is in flux, as it certainly is today (and I find Crozier's gloomy analyses of the democracies wholly persuasive), the imagination may need the anchorage of a paradigm, even though no literal realization is likely.

A ruling class of philosopher-civil-servants may be as improbable as the reign of a philosopher-king. But the very idea helps us to achieve detachment from the givens of our grubby sublunary existence; such givens currently consisting of, in America, a set of congressmen among whom the incidence of sheer criminal corruption seems to be remarkably high, especially considering the feeble disciplinary measures taken against the culprits by their peers. The aggregate of congressional scandals is much less dramatic than, say, Watergate, but even more portentous for our form of government. Crozier forces us to ask whether party politics can ever be reconciled with republican virtue. □

Old Love
By Isaac Bashevis Singer
Farrar, 273 pp., $10.95

THE CABALIST

D. KEITH MANO

In Hassidic Poland around 1913 or 1923 the simplest love tale was already complicated: you wonder begats got begot at all. With marriage came ritual paraphernalia that'd make the secret circuitry of a nervous breakdown sound uncomplex. In fact, reading Isaac Bashevis Singer is somewhat like reading science fiction: one has to accept certain outlandish premises. For instance: "On Passover, she put stockings on her cat so that, God forbid, it should not drag in any crumbs of unleavened bread under its claws." God forbid. Believe me, where the cat has to wear pantyhose, even goodnight kisses require an eight-page commentary.

And yet *Old Love* is fecund as good bottom land: it seethes. In part because sex, like a rubber band, will grow more avid with tension and resistance. In part, also, because Singer has to be our most important Cabalist writer. Despite his fine intellect and plain-spoken prose, no modern author lives with such smug ease in a world that is virtually animistic. For Singer the gratuitous event cannot exist; certainly not the gratuitous sexual event. Love, even love between older people (his special concern here), has both particular and cosmic resonances. Heck, the Cabala would insist that God Himself is looking for Miss Goodbar. And to that end His female counterpart, Shechinah, an empyrean vamp, was created: seraphim and the lower livery of heaven are no less ruttish. True, this ethereal lust is star-crossed: "Full union on high will take place only after the coming of the Messiah." A consummation, it would seem, that is most devoutly to be wished.

I admire. I enjoy. But, were I not a great-hearted soul, I could get jealous. I mean: would Singer be Nobel Prize Singer if the pith and rind of his work had been, oh, Love in Suburban Kansas City: without all that lush, distracting Talmudic exotica? If Singer weren't perceived half as folklorist, half as curator of his language and faith, wouldn't h have had to write *harder*? Possibly, think. *Old Love*, translated from th original Yiddish, has a tacit documer tary status: fiction and true anecdot meld. Yet the original Yiddish isn't rea ly original: Singer, after all, can spea fluent Cheever-American; his consider able reputation was made by an Englis readership. Does Singer think Englis while writing Yiddish? Is translatio (most often by one of his children) im plicit beforehand in the text? Moreover unlike any other language, Yiddis *sounds* Yiddish even when translate (to a native New Yorker at least). Ther is that distinctive rising meter or accen also that peculiar psychological an stylistic importunacy. Who knows, Yid dish may gain in translation, *nu*?

Or break even, anyhow. Give me listen here:

> The ship lurched dismally. Its horn blev day and night, in warning. Waves pounde the hull like mighty sledgehammers. In m cabin I had hung my tie over the mirro and it executed acrobatic stunts. The tooth brush in the glass clinked without stopping

Note that each sentence is perfectly dis crete. The tie and the toothbrush min their own business: privacy has beer respected, one sentence apiece. And thi isn't just the equivalent of a simple de clarative style: Yiddish Hemingway. I has characteristic accretive power: i importunes, insists. An English autho would probably give horn or ocean an other sentence. But that would disrup the essential, well, *fatalism*: thing pilec upon thing: as in a list of complaints Jewish comedy has to do with being overwhelmed: old Pharaoh was, in fact a burlesque figure. Roth and Malamuc will also use detail accumulation—what next? expect worse—to set up pathetic or bathetic situations, but Singer is the most artless (and the most attractive) practitioner of catalogue humor.

As you might have guessed from that seagoing quotation, *Old Love* doesn't live entirely in pre-World War II Poland. Eight of 18 tales are first-person and modern: if the "I" protagonist (a famous Yiddish author) isn't Singer, he should be indicted for impersonation. All eight occur during periods of travel: away from Poland, this Singer simulacrum is a perpetual émigré. (The Polish ten, in contrast, all rely on specific place: they are at home: but quite often the denouement will be caused by violent weather—travel, in one sense,

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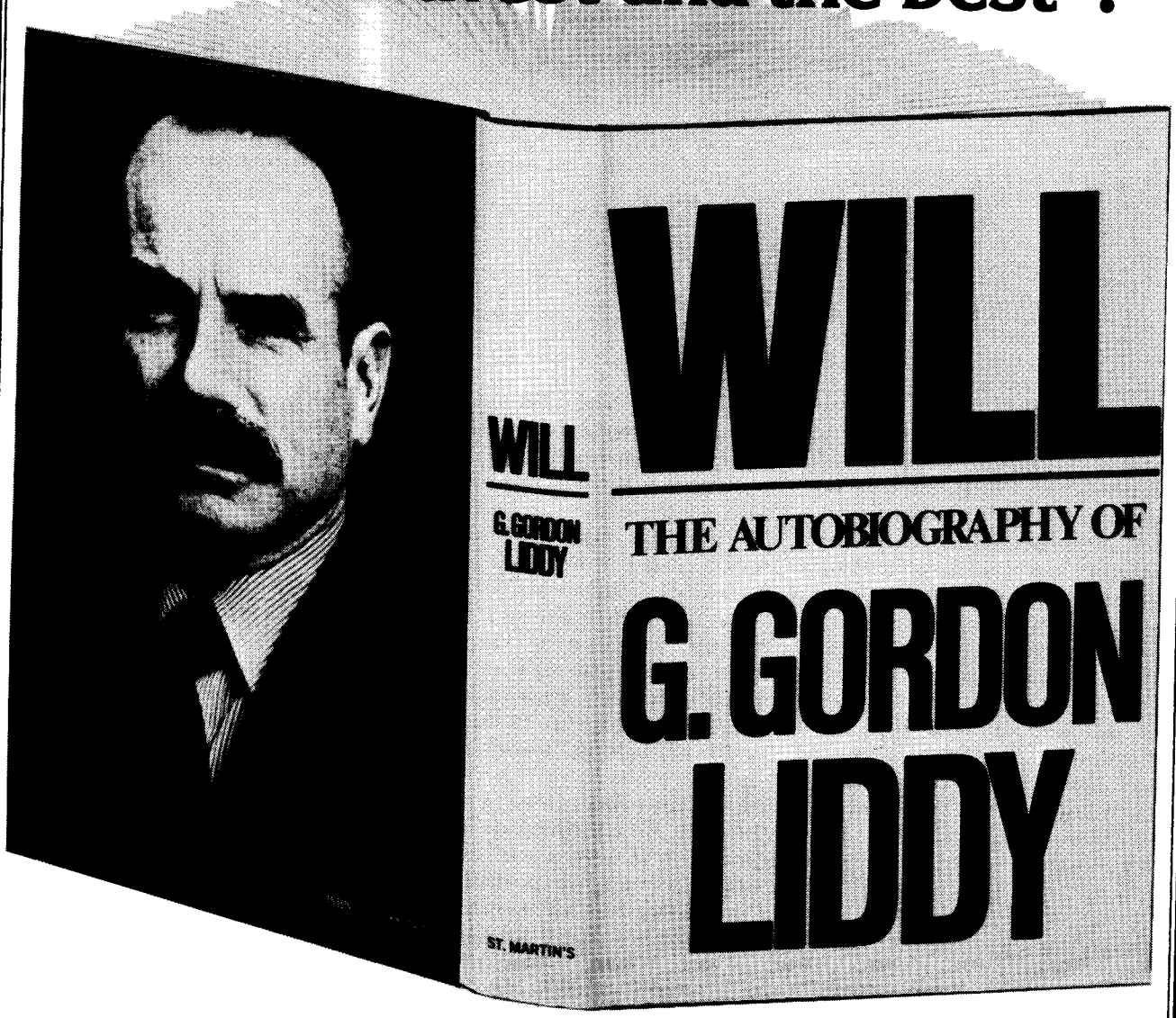
"A thoroughly dangerous man"? Or "the bravest and the best"?



G. Gordon Liddy is different. He is not like you and me, probably not like anyone you've ever known. He may be like someone you read about in a book long ago, a book about heroes. Some of you will say no, a book about villains. But whether you detest or admire him, the fact remains that Liddy's story is an important—and hitherto untold—chapter in American history; and if you do not understand Liddy, you do not understand how power is wielded or how certain governments work. For eight years Liddy has kept silent about what went on in Washington: about CIA domestic activities, Judge Sirica's own cover-up, assassination plans, "black bag" jobs, schemes to discredit Daniel Ellsberg and Democratic candidates. And about Watergate.

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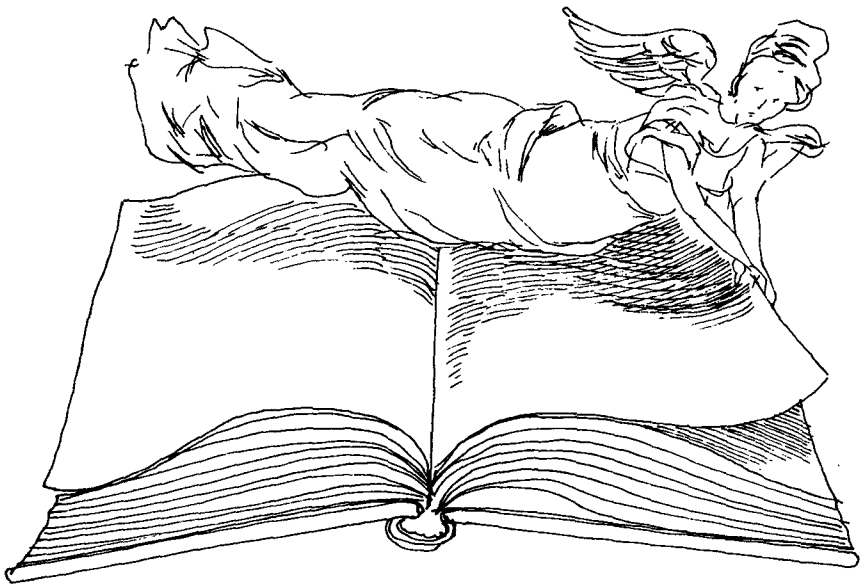

coming to them.) The contemporary eight are delightful, but they eschew finishedness. As though Singer thought that time alone—telling and retelling—could form life into acceptable fiction.

Collections are irksome: to read, to criticize. They remind me of a crowded publication party: acquaintance will be superficial and quick. But the Singer worldview is so amiable, so idiosyncratic, that it can almost function as a character. Someone who, from story to story, will break ice and make introductions. *Old Love* has charm: and greater passion. I have not relished any short fiction gathering quite this much since I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember. □

GOTHAM

LITERARY LIONESSES

JOHN SIMON

It may look like a pretty sordid literary squabble—and it is that, too. But it is also something much bigger, this thing that started with Dick Cavett's asking Mary McCarthy on his TV show what writers she considered overpraised. Responded Miss McCarthy: "Lillian Hellman, who I think is terribly overrated, a bad writer and a dishonest writer." When Cavett asked what was dishonest about Lillian Hellman, Miss McCarthy replied: "Everything. I said in some interview that every word she writes is a lie, including 'and' and 'the.'" Miss Hellman promptly initiated a lawsuit asking for damages of $1.75 million for "mental pain and anguish" and for "being injured in [her] profession"; also for a further half-million in punitive damages. Cavett and the Educational Broadcasting Association were named as co-defendants. Although "libel" or "slander" was never mentioned, this is really a libel suit, with only the terminology (to hark back to Miss Hellman's celebrated letter to the chairman of HUAC) cut to fit this year's fashions.

THE *New York Times*, from whose February 16 and March 19 editions I gleaned these facts, points out that the two writers are old political enemies. Though they both started out as leftists, Lillian Hellman kept her pro-Communist (which is to say, Stalinist) sympathies till at least 1949. Mary McCarthy veered away after the 1936 Moscow trials and, along with Orwell, criticized the Loyalist government (with whom Miss Hellman wholeheartedly sided) in the Spanish Civil War, because it was too close to the USSR. And in 1949, when Miss Hellman was a sponsor of a conference at the Waldorf-Astoria that was dominated by supporters of Stalin, Miss McCarthy, by then totally anti-Stalinist, sharply criticized the proceedings.

A political animus decidedly exists between these two sharp-tongued women; but there is an even more pronounced source of conflict, one that characterizes American society today: the difference in brows. Mary McCarthy is a highbrow and elitist; Lillian Hellman, even when posing for a Black glama mink ad, is a populist and middlebrow. Consider: several of Miss Hellman's plays and one of her stories have been turned into commercial movies (*The Children's Hour*, indeed, has been filmed twice), but only one, perhaps deliberately condescending, novel of Miss McCarthy's has been put on screen. Several of Miss McCarthy's fictions—such as *The Company She Keeps*, *A Charmed Life*, and *The Groves of Academe*—have been critical successes and enjoy a steady civilized readership; her *Memoirs of a Catholic Girlhood*, although a much finer book, created nowhere near the stir caused by Miss Hellman's three autobiographical volumes. But, then, Miss McCarthy tends to deal with the highly cultured, academics or literati, whereas Miss Hellman's topics are more generalized, her people, with some exceptions, of the middle or lower classes. There is something significant even about the difference between the men these women lived with: Mary McCarthy was married to Edmund Wilson, one of America's most elegant and highbrow literary critics, whereas the company Lillian Hellman kept longest was that of Dashiell Hammett, the tough mystery writer. And Miss McCarthy is associated chiefly with satire, a sophisticated genre; Miss Hellman's best known works are melodramas, examples of a middle- to low-brow form, even though some highbrows favor it out of reverse snobbery.

So what we have here is the traditional hostility between the middlebrow writer and the highbrow one, exacerbated by the setbacks both women have recently incurred. Miss McCarthy's last two novels were stillborn. Though Miss Hellman had considerable success with her three autobiographies, the last one, *Scoundrel Time*, ran into serious opposition from the more discriminating critics, who felt that she was rewriting history to whitewash herself and incriminate her anti-Stalinist opponents as pro-McCarthy (Joe, not Mary). And a Broadway revival of one of her most famous plays, *Watch on the Rhine*, sank before you could say Lorelei. Nevertheless, Miss Hellman's stock is, by and large, up, whereas Miss McCarthy's is, for the moment, down.

Even so, in the wake of the news of the lawsuit, highbrows such as Dwight Macdonald, Irving Howe, Meyer Shapiro, and Diana Trilling (who had her own run-in with Lillian Hellman) have

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come out on Miss McCarthy's side; middlebrows such as Malcolm Cowley and John Hersey have come out for Miss Hellman. So, too, have a couple of highbrows—but Richard Poirier is Miss Hellman's friend and her literary executor, and Garry Wills wrote the preposterous introduction to *Scoundrel Time*.

The most interesting thing about all this is that Miss Hellman, who theoretically champions free speech, is all set to abrogate it when she herself is under attack; her attorney, the famed civil rights lawyer Ephraim London, has tried to justify this inconsistency by arguing that "the First Amendment guarantees the right of speech; it doesn't guarantee the right to lie about someone." We have now come full circle, with each side calling the other dishonest and mendacious.

What this shows, essentially, is the inability or unwillingness to comprehend what truth and honesty mean in an artistic, literary context. Yet, before we get into that, be it noted that the veracity of a story such as "Julia," which purports to be factual, has to be doubted on the most literal level. If this great anti-Nazi underground heroine really existed, there would be streets named after her, monuments of her in public squares—at the very least a plaque or two. Miss Hellman, however, says that she changed most of the names in the story because 1) she was not sure that, even in 1973, Germans liked their premature anti-Nazis, and 2) Julia's mother, lover, and daughter were probably still alive. The first point was arrant nonsense at a time when Germans were, quite rightly, enshrining early resisters; but, in any case, who could harm the long-dead Julia? The second point is almost equally absurd: the disgraceful mother and lover deserve no consideration; as for the daughter, Miss Hellman described herself as questing for her all over—then why forfeit such a natural chance of reaching her?

The answer is that this "true story" cannot be true. Even if none of the characters in it were still living, other people who knew the real-life Julia—alerted, at the very latest, by the movie—would have stepped forward with revealing information.

Then why present it all as truth? Because, as I said in my notice of *Pentimento* in *The Hudson Review* (Winter 1973-74), "however great and tragic Julia may have been, the acts of bravery and devotion that we actually read

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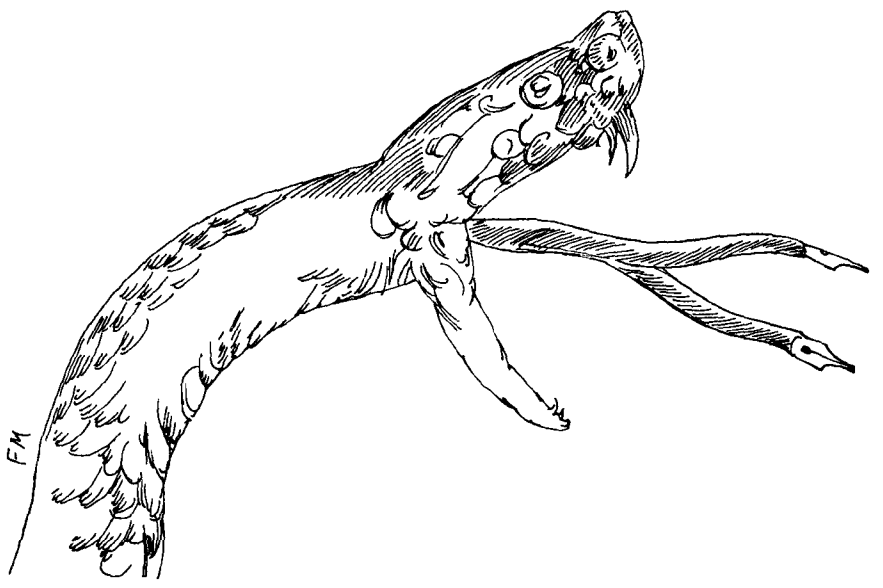
about are Miss Hellman's." The tribute to Julia, palmed off as biography, is in fact a piece of self-serving fiction, a tall tale meant to exalt its author.

But when Miss McCarthy says you cannot even believe Lillian Hellman's *and's* and *the's*, she is saying something else and more important. She is affirming that Miss Hellman is a mediocre writer whose very mediocrity is an outrage against truth—the truth of art, which alone can recreate reality worthily—and thus a lie down to the most innocuous-looking monosyllables. And mediocrity in literature is potentially more dangerous than outright trashiness; no one worth worrying about could be taken in by a Judith Krantz or a Jacqueline Susann, but the specious moral fervor of a mediocre writer extolled by our irresponsible critical establishment can easily fool the worthiest innocent. Such a person might well believe that, say, *The Children's Hour*, *Watch on the Rhine*, and *Scoundrel Time* open a window on history or even lay bare the soul.

WHAT Mary McCarthy was doing on the Cavett show was to use a privilege of the writer and critic: to speak in a trope—hyperbole, to be exact. It was meant to be a witty and metaphorical way of rendering the truth more graphically, more artistically. When the Serbian proverb says, "After shaking hands with a Greek, count your fingers," that is not meant to be taken literally either; it is to be taken literarily. It makes its point memorable through poetic heightening. To misunderstand Miss McCarthy's utterance is not to understand how art works, how the critic as artist works. Furthermore, it is not having a sense of humor. It is, in Miss Hellman's case, also dragging in the law where the law is incompetent to pass judgment. And it is a vote of no confidence in one's writing —a disbelief in its ability to prove its own integrity, its quality, its plain truthfulness. □



BOOKS IN BRIEF

SHADOW OF THE MOON, *by M. M. Kaye (St. Martin's, 611 pp., $12.95).* M. M. Kaye, who was born in India and spent much of her childhood there, displays a real talent for combining romance with history—in this case, the events surrounding the Indian Mutiny of 1857. *Shadow of the Moon* is the story of Winter de Ballestros, who, as a young orphan, was sent from India to England to live with her great-grandfather. A beautiful girl, half Spanish, half English, she is betrothed to the first man to show her kindness; he is, moreover, in a position to fulfill her fondest dream by taking her home to India. On her wedding night she discovers that he is more in love with her considerable fortune than with her, but she decides to make the best of her situation and is presently engulfed in the terrors of the Mutiny, which she and a handful of Englishmen escape by hiding out in the wilderness. . . . Miss Kaye wrote the first draft of *Shadow of the Moon* more than twenty years ago; the publishers cut the book by more than half. Now, after the huge success last year (much greater in the U.S. than in England by the way) of her second novel, *The Far Pavilions*, another publisher decided to take a fresh look at the first effort. Is it possible that Miss Kaye will end by making the Gothic novel intellectually respectable? Though the issue is not yet clear she is certainly trying hard.

CHRISTINA STEADMAN

ON STALIN AND STALINISM, *by Roy A. Medvedev (Oxford University Press, 20. pp., $13.95).* There is much material in this book that is new, and some that is interesting, but almost none that is important. It is a useful companion volume to Medvedev's other works, and it can be enjoyed by someone who is steeped in the history of Soviet Russia and, especially its contemporary dissident movement; but the work is too spotty, too dogmatic, and in places, too tedious and contumacious to be of much interest to the informed general reader. The most remarkable thing about it is its revelation of Medvedev's continuing moral descent toward Yevtushenkoism: his admiration for Lenin and his bell-ringing apologia for the Red Terror of 1918-20 are enough to rot your socks. His indignation (as was noted in these pages five years ago, in a review of *On Socialist Democracy*) is just too goddam selective. A token liberal happily afloat on a sea of blood wrung from his betters, he is still celebrating the death and repudiation of Stalin, and rejoices that there was no official ceremony to accompany the unveiling of the bust over his grave in 1969. As for neo-Stalinists in the Kremlin today—well, *what* neo-Stalinists . . . ? One story, though, is almost worth the price of admission: on Stalin's death, a note was found in his writing desk from his old nemesis, Tito, apparently written in the late Forties: "Comrade Stalin: I request that you stop sending terrorists to Yugoslavia to kill me. We have already caught seven men, one with a revolver, another with a grenade, the third with a bomb, etc. If this does not stop, I will send one man to Moscow, and there will be no need to send another."

JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

A TOMB FOR BORIS DAVIDOVICH, *by Danilo Kiš (Harcourt Brace, 135 pp., $6.95).* The socialist and literary critic Irving Howe is quoted on the dustjacket of this rather strange book by a young Yugoslavian writer as saying: "It's an absolutely first-rate book, one of the best things I've ever seen on the whole experience of Communism in Eastern Europe, but more than that, it's a really first-rate novel." Howe is right: this is indeed a splendid account

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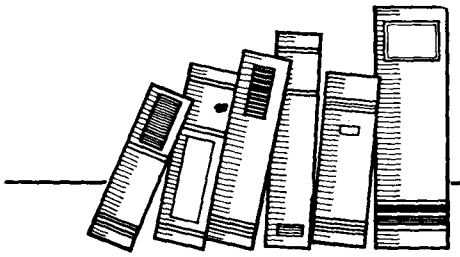
f life under Stalin from a rather different oint of view from the one we usually get. he characters in these stories are for the ıost part neither dissident nor disillu- oned. Some are idealistic Marxists: what- ver they may think of the current regime, ıey have no doubts about pure Commu- ism, even when they themselves are nprisoned and tortured; others are sim- ly criminals or psychopaths. These dis- arate people have one thing in common, ıough: all are betrayed by the Revolution 'hich, in one way or another, they have erved. Howe is also right about this ook's being first-rate—but a first-rate *hat*? Not, I think, a novel. These remain, o far as I can see, seven separate vignettes; ven though some characters appear in ıore than one story, the book is held to- ether only by a consistency of tone, a sin- le narratorial voice. But it is that voice —ironic, angry, passionate, clinical—that nakes *A Tomb for Boris Davidovich* vorth reading: the "strangled cry" of a nan (perhaps the author himself, perhaps persona he has created) who cannot re- ect Marxism, nor yet accept its conse- uences.

LINDA BRIDGES

THE POPE OF GREENWICH VILLAGE, *by Vincent Patrick (Seaview, 280 pp., $9.95).* This is a sardonic comedy with a number of virtues: a plot which, though full of surprises and ironic twists, is not implausible; dialogue which is often very funny and without a false note; observations and anecdotes which are somewhat insulting but not particularly inaccurate concerning every major ethnic group in New York City. It is about two debt-ridden cousins from Little Italy who desperately want to rise above their current jobs in a restaurant; Charlie would like to start his own place in New England, and his younger cousin Paulie has bought a share in a racehorse. They find a retired Irish safecracker in the Bronx who has a retarded son to support, and together they decide to pull off just one robbery, by cracking a small safe in a trucking-company office. Unfortunately, the money belongs to the Mafia and is intended for pay-offs to corrupted cops. The subsequent ironies are occasionally grim, and the author's view of the city isn't exactly cheering, especially to (let us say) fervent admirers of the Lindsay administration. But everything is shrewdly observed, and in its general effect the book is provocative, mordantly funny, and also quite informative—the reader learns, among other things, the mechanisms of numerous small rackets in the restaurant and other businesses. Mr. Patrick has pulled off that rare feat—an accomplished and consistently interesting first novel.

LAWRENCE KLEPP



Dark Horses

STEEL, RAILROADS, health care, automobiles, energy: the list of industries and professions bollixed up by government policy is, in a negative sense, impressive.

Now yet another industry—housing—may be added to the list. As recent headlines amply indicate, and as any home-buyer can testify, the housing business today is in a horrendous mess, with multiple adverse effects for the consumer. That responsibility for this mess rests squarely with the government is the burden of numerous recent studies.

One such is *Housing Costs & Government Regulation* (Center for Urban Policy Research, P.O. Box 83, New Brunswick, N.J. 08903; $15), by Stephen R. Seidel. This is a careful study of the numerous regulations that affect land development and housing construction, and the manner in which such regulations push up the price of housing. The author, a research associate of Rutgers urbanologist George Sternlieb, reviews and quantifies the effects of zoning, building, subdivision, energy, growth, and environmental controls on the housing business and finds that, depending on regional variations, these can account for anywhere from 10 to 30 per cent of the total asking price of a new home. He further shows that, for most home-builders, government regulation has become the major impediment to construction, both through the direct costs imposed and through the delays created by an endless series of permits, approvals, and litigations.

For many people, Seidel demonstrates, housing delayed is housing denied. A general rule of thumb is that every month of delay in construction adds 1 to 2 per cent to the final cost of the dwelling. This is so because construction delays interact with the rising cost of the credit needed by builders and purchasers alike. The resulting multiplier effect (which has become much worse even since Seidel wrote) has priced an increasing number of American families right out of the housing market: in 1970, 45 per cent of American families could afford a medium-priced new home; today less than a third of them can.

If the housing situation is bad nationwide, in New York City it is a complete disaster. Just how complete is shown by Peter D. Salins, chairman of the Department of Urban Affairs at Hunter College, in *The Ecology of Housing Destruction* (New York University Press, $5.95). The result of a study sponsored by the International Center for Economic Policy Studies, Professor Salins's volume explains the housing calamity that has been inflicted on the nation's largest city by decades of misguided government programs.

IN NEW YORK, Salins shows, some 200,000-plus apartment units have been abandoned in recent years, as a direct result of official policy. As he describes it, the process works like this: first, New York's rent-control law makes it uneconomic for landlords to upgrade or maintain many rental properties; second, the city "shelter allowance" program permits welfare families to move into such properties, causing middle- and working-class families to move out; third, many welfare families neglect to pay even the controlled rent (a practice sanctioned by the city's "housing court" system), depressing revenues still further; fourth, if and when such families are evicted for nonpayment, the city installs them in other apartments, starting the process all over again.

This is a highly simplified outline of Professor Salins's detailed presentation, but suggests the essence of the problem. What it adds up to is a continuing cycle of decay and devastation, systematically promoted by the official planners. Between them, Salins and Seidel make it fairly plain that government intervention in the housing business has been an unrelieved calamity.

—M. STANTON EVANS

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[Alfred] HARBAGE:

The Fierce Dispute

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Hear! Hear!

On The Right

New York, April 25—It is dismaying that the best speech delivered over the past season has received relatively little attention. To be sure, Henry Kissinger was not the principal object of attention at the American Society of Newspaper Editors' convention. For the most part, the celebrants held form sheets on which only the performances of the presidential candidates were scribbled. In such circumstances Pericles could come and go—and only those easily distracted heard a great analytical oration. The Super Bowl is not the appropriate arena in which to recite poetry.

James Reston, to be sure, noticed it. Only Kissinger, he wrote, gave a "truly presidential" speech. It is probably safer to say that only Kissinger gave a truly non-presidential speech. It was too rich in thought, nuance, balance to serve the galvanizing purposes required of speeches spoken by presidential candidates. It is a speech which is an object of study rather than a stimulus of the senses.

As READERS of Mr. Kissinger's book will have noticed, Kissinger has become something of an aphorist, so that his analyses never lack spice. Confronting the critics of American policy toward the Shah, he said, "If improved judicial procedures were a main concern of Khomeini's revolution, he has kept it well hidden." To those who welcome any displacement of existing authoritarian regimes on the assumption that successor regimes will be an improvement, he adduces history. "The acceleration of radical trends in the world, abetted by our policies, is visible to all. Nicaragua is often cited as a model of the new enlightenment. But while it is too early to pass a final judgment, one is uneasy when the latest human rights report of the State Department lists four hundred summary executions and the holding of 7,200 political prisoners in the six months of the new regime. And a Sandinista delegation visiting Moscow in March applauded the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and condemned what it called 'the campaign launched by imperialist and reactionary forces . . . to undermine the unalienable right of the Democratic Republic of Afghanistan's people . . . to go the way of progressive transformation.' "

Kissinger's speech began by addressing itself to the question of rebuilding America's capacity to influence, which is a function of America's capacity to resist. The Carter Administration is ostensibly dedicated to such rearmament as is consistent with the maintenance of our commitments, but a close examination of the military budget reveals that the increase in contemplated spending is only 1 per cent. That is inconsistent with anything like what is required by, for instance, the designation of the Persian Gulf as a vital interest of the United States. Moreover, as Kissinger points out, the question isn't one of dollars, but of whether the gap between the Soviets' military power and our own is narrowing. And the melancholy fact is that it isn't. Have we, as a dividend of our military serenity, achieved more fruitful relations with the Soviet Union? "It is no accident that an Administration that three years ago proclaimed its emancipation from 'the inordinate fear of Communism' allegedly afflicting its predecessors has brought us to an historic low point in our relationship with the Soviet Union."

And, bit by bit, Kissinger came to his analytical climax. "The Administration has in the space of a few years repudiated the SALT position of the previous Administration and then returned to its basic framework two months later; we canceled the neutron bomb and a year later pushed theater nuclear weapons; we proclaimed that the Persian Gulf needed no policeman and then announced a doctrine for its defense; we asserted the importance of Pakistan to the security of the area, then put forward a program incompatible with our stated objective, and finally dropped the entire project. We repeatedly rejected 'linkage,' which would have made progress in areas in which the Soviets had a stake dependent on Soviet restraint in exploiting tensions. This produced the spectacle that arms control proceeds while Soviet proxy forces moved into Ethiopia, while Soviet bases were established in South Yemen, while a first Communist coup took place in Afghanistan in 1978, and while a Soviet brigade was discovered in Cuba. And when Soviet troops moved to the Khyber Pass, we suddenly rediscovered linkage with a vengeance."

The speech was not without hope. Th Soviet Union, after all, is attempting t square a circle: to run the world by crush ing the human spirit. We have the re sources of a free people. These should b used, just to begin with, to oust Presiden Carter from office. [

WHO'S STUPID? *New York*, April 21—The affable Alfred Kahn who is President Carter' chief inflation fighter—an assignment whos rough equivalent would be serving as di rector of the Soviet Civil Liberties Unio —was on television this morning sellin bumper-stickers for the President. Nov it was the *Today Show* (*Good Morn ing America* had given him equal time— about seven minutes—a few months ago) and he faced his questioner with the hig good humor and expository ebullienc which make him so likable. What he saic was: Sure, things are bad, and they ar probably going to get better, though don' hold me to it. —Nothing there one car exactly wrestle with. Then he said we ar going to have inflation until we shake our selves free from OPEC oil, which doesn' explain why Switzerland, which is 100 pe cent dependent on OPEC oil, manage without inflation.

Then came the zinger. Mr. Kahn (the interrogator asked), what do you think o Ronald Reagan's tax-cut proposal, which Reagan justifies on the grounds that Pres ident Kennedy did the same thing and got good results?

Mr. Kahn managed to smile, but the words were those of an exasperated man. He said, quote unquote, "Really, we should resist stupid historical analogies." Stupid, because in 1963 when JFK made tax-cut proposals we had inflation of only 1 per cent and a lot of slack economic capacity, whereas this time around we have high inflation with a great consumer burn that has already ignited more inflation, which would be made worse by tax cuts.

Stupid, eh?

Now in the first place you can't have inflation unless there is money to finance it. Sears Roebuck can extend credit—but if its clients don't pay Sears back, Sears can't manufacture money. Only the Fed

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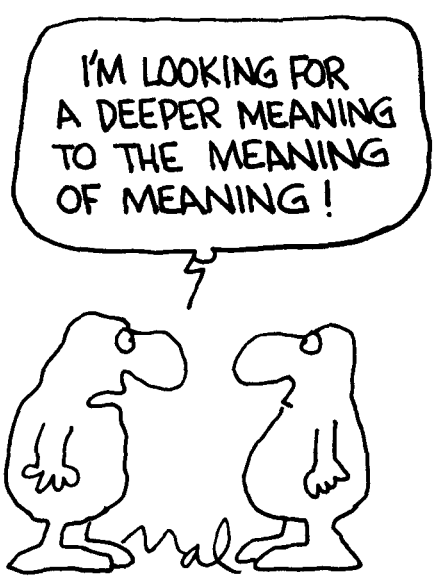
n. So that a tax cut cannot deepen in-ıtion unless the Federal Government onetizes its deficit. If the Fed declines to) so, the Federal Government has simply)t to spend less—and that's one of the)jectives of the tax-cut people.

In the second place, the year in which e so-called Kennedy tax cut (the bill was :tually passed in the spring term follow-g the assassination) went into effect was)65, when there was 4.5 per cent unem-oyment. The unemployment figure to-ıy is 6.2 per cent. So who says there was le capacity in 1965 whereas there isn't le capacity today? Indeed, factoring in flation, there has been a precipitate ·op in consumer spending during the last :riod. Down just over 5 per cent since st September. Anyone who tells you ıere isn't idle capacity should spend a eek in Detroit.

Under President Carter, total spending as increased by 12 per cent, while pro-uction has increased virtually not at all. his structural imbalance is the key to un-erstanding why there is inflation, and the :eagan proposal seeks to effect a remedy ı part by a tax cut. To assume that a tax ut is "stupid" assumes that every Ameri-an is now employed in a plant capitalized ɔ capacity and working hard. These pos-ulates are impossible to reconcile either ·ith the documented facts (6.2 per cent nemployment), or with one's knowledge ·f human nature (it is discouraging to vork for fifty cents on the dollar. Fifty ents which, after inflation, reduce to forty ents).

Professor Arthur Laffer, with whose igidities one can legitimately quarrel, is ıevertheless on to something when he ays that sluggish performance by workers ısing creaky industrial equipment and ɔaying high taxes results in low output ınd, derivatively, smaller returns for the government through the existing tax set-up. We have, these days, suffocating tax rates. These give rise to a reduced incentive to work, and to the underground economy, to which the highly taxed resort, when they can, in order to increase their net take-home pay. Add to this the strain on business, which finds it difficult to finance the recapitalization of its equipment because of high interest rates and a dead bond market; and, on top of it all, a depreciation schedule that is wholly unrealistic. That depreciation schedule is of course the doing of the same government which conscripts the able Mr. Kahn to make excuses for it.

It is dangerous to call the proposals of other people "stupid" if one is the economic czar of a government which, between the time the czar was appointed and the time he went on television this morning, has managed to double the inflation rate. If high taxes are the way to beat inflation, then what happened in Sweden? And Great Britain? Mr. Kahn points out that though it's true that under President Ford inflation was cut in half, also under Ford there was a considerable recession. Right. Who ever said that you can defeat inflation without causing pain? But anyone who has recently taken stock of the depleted purchasing power of the dollar is experiencing pain. Augmented by his experience filling out his tax form. □



RIGHT STUFF IN ANDERSON?

New York, May 2—In the matter of John Anderson, there is an impalpable something about him that gets in the way of the truly heroic posture. His press agents, almost all of them volunteers who have convinced themselves that he is the only clean act in town, get satisfaction from identifying themselves with the man who Dares to Say the Unsayable. Remember when Adlai Stevenson, at the height of McCarthyism, addressed the American Legion Convention and said that he was not going to spend his time, as President of the United States, looking for loyalty risks in the Fish and Wildlife Service? It is a cognate thrill we are supposed to get when John Anderson looks 'em in the eye in New Hampshire and says he is in favor of gun control, or when he goes down to Boston and comes out for free abortions, or journeys to Tulsa to advocate the windfall profits tax, or, in Seattle, denounces the B-1 bomber.

It would be grand if such courage were universally hailed. Perhaps memory compresses the events, but wasn't it on Monday that presidential candidate Barry Goldwater went to St. Petersburg to deplore the extravagances of old age assistance proposals? Tuesday that, in Knoxville, Tennessee, he wondered why the TVA shouldn't be sold to the private sector? Wednesday that, in West Virginia, he assailed the Distressed Areas Act? Thursday, in New York, that he doubted the constitutionality of the open housing act? Political courage is defined as saying those things that are unpopular with the special interests which are popular with the liberal intelligentsia. If John Anderson were tomorrow to come out for recognizing the PLO, the day after tomorrow he would disappear from the national scene—as surely as Father Berrigan dropped from sight when he discovered the claims of the Palestinians.

But let us agree to take John Anderson seriously, and administer what from now on I shall refer to as: The Fundamental Question.

Mr. Anderson, would you favor a reduction in the top income tax rate to 36 per cent?

To breathe such a proposal, in a typical gathering of the toplofty, is "irresponsible." How can anyone propose reducing tax rates from the current 70 per cent on "unearned" income to half that figure when we are suffering so from budget deficits? How could we possibly sustain the loss of revenues that would result from lowering the tax rate on earned income by a fat 25 per cent?

Answer: The cost in forgone revenues to the Federal Government would come to $7 billion. Just over 1 per cent of the budget.

Now there is much discussion even among those who favor supply-side economics (i.e., those who believe that the healthiest way to cure inflation is to increase production) of the time-lag between such tax reductions as are proposed in the Kemp-Roth bill and the revenues that would eventually come in as a result of this spur to economic activity; and of the inflationary consequences of that time-lag.

But even the loss of $7 billion, in exchange for releasing the economic energies of the highest-income-earners in America, would still work out to instantly increased revenues. A huge percentage of the productive time of high-income-bracket Americans is spent in attempting to find avenues of investment that will bring them tax relief. This is the grossest imaginable misallocation of the economic energy of productive people. To reduce the top rate to 36 per cent would almost certainly result in a substantial increase of revenues to the government within a single year.

Why not attach John Anderson's name to such a proposal?

Let us see how true is his Grit. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Tularemia
4 47 82 85 134 88 141 115 107 162

B. A weapon used by *Muslims*
12
120 57 1 124 192 221 212 200

C. Unscramble U. S. S. WISHBONES
147 2 79 113 182 9 28 196 48 55
65 179

D. A crepe hanger
214 30 166 139 142 97 207

E. To make compensation for damage done
6 58 159 209 218 225 66 44 156

F. Imperfect ears of Indian corn
27 52 187 211 106 210 8

G. A hindrance
77 127 137 133 21 121 201 95

H. An Irish orator (1746-1820)
90 22 126 167 98 154 67

I. The third Moslem caliph; (lived 575?-656)
16 36 41 63 84 20

J. Little
150 5 117 168 129 108

K. An expensive item of *furniture*
175 143 53 46 94 74 170 149 15

L. Song made famous by Paul Robeson
191 109 148 169 178 185 216 14 32 83
49

M. Unscramble AH PET SHOP!
10 99 202 31 60 114 110 171 50

N. Add a printer's measure, a dwelling, and a direction to reach an understanding
42 204 135 54 116 161 75

O. A standard holiday?
51 86 93 39 59 43 76

P. Harsh
165 111 68 100 158 205 151 128

Q. Lloyd George's abusive castigation of his opponents, named for the city in which he spoke (note the last four letters)
188 19 144 176 195 91 203 7 220 62
102 104 190 140 163 18

R. The long handle of a *certain type of weapon*
197 70 157 215 181

S. Where Greeks practice brotherhood
224 73 118 80 34

T. Unceasing
33 103 155 119 56 78 186 164 194

U. The type of house occupied by Hank Aaron
72 89 13 26 138 87 177 198 208 222

V. A preposition
101 81 105 152

W. One of my ancestors
160 71 96 130

X. Nickname of a football star who now spends most of his time on the bench
199 136 35 23 25 183 61

Y. What legislative clerks do to the sections of a bill that has been amended
206 184 180 172 145 92 189 122

Z. A type of urban traffic artery
217 17 24 125 131 146 174 40 223 3
11 69

a. Realized after taxes and expenses
38 123 132 219 193 112

b. A device used to control gambling equipment
45 37 173 153 64 213 29

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the end of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 618 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

			1 B	2 C	3 Z	4 A	5 J		6 E	7 Q		8 F	9 C	10 M	11 Z	12 A	13 U		14 L
15 K	16 I	17 Z	18 Q		19 Q	20 I		21 G	22 H	23 X	24 Z	25 X	26 U	27 F	28 C	29 b	30 D	31 M	
32 L	33 T	34 S	35 X	36 I	37 b	38 a	39 O		40 Z	41 I	42 N		43 O	44 E	45 b	46 K	47 A	48 C	
49 L	50 M	51 O	52 F	53 K	54 N	55 C	56 T		57 B	58 E	59 O		60 M	61 X	62 Q	63 I	64 b	65 C	66 E
67 H	68 P		69 Z	70 R	71 W	72 U		73 S	74 K	75 N	76'O	77 G		78 T	79 C	80 S	81 V		82 A
83 L		84 I	85 A	86 O	87 U		88 A	89 U		90 H	91 Q		92 Y	93 O	94 K	95 G		96 W	97 D
	98 H	99 M	100P	101V	102Q		103T	104Q	105V	106F	107A	108J		109L	110M	111P	112a		113C
114M	115A	116N		117J	118S	119T	120B		121G	122Y	123a		124B	125Z	126H	127G	128P		129J
130W	131Z	132a		133G	134A	135N	136X		137G	138U	139D		140Q	141A		142D	143K	144Q	145Y
146Z	147C		148L	149K	150J	151P	152V	153b	154H	155T	156E		157R	158P	159E		160W	161N	162A
163Q	164T		165P	166D	167H	168J	169L	170K	171M	172Y	173b	174Z		175K	176Q		177U	178L	179C
180'Y	181R		182C	183X	184Y	185L		186T	187F	188Q	189Y		190Q	191L		192B	193a	194T	
195Q	196C	197R		198U	199X	200B		201G	202M	203Q	204N	205P	206Y	207D	208U	209E	210F		211F
212B	213b	214D		215R	216L	217Z	218E		219a	220Q	221B	222U	223Z	224S	225E				

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How locking federal lands away from oil and natural gas exploration will lower America's standard of living.

For some time now, the United States has been increasing its oil imports—at higher costs year after year. When more and more dollars leave the country to pay for this oil, the effect is a lessening in the value of the dollar... and a nibbling away at every American's standard of living.

To help cut its dependency on foreign oil, America must produce more oil and natural gas here at home. Our country has rich, untapped reserves; the problem is that much of them are under federal lands. About a third of our country is controlled by the federal government. Most of this land is currently off limits to energy exploration and development. And proposed legislation would shut these lands off permanently.

Energy lands should be developed.
Just one example: in the Rockies of Idaho, Montana, Utah and Wyoming, a mineral-rich geologic area that's part of the "Overthrust Belt" contains an estimated 8 billion barrels of oil and 100 trillion cubic feet of natural gas. But nearly half of this land may be put off limits.

Some government land management people feel that they have to draw a permanent line on land use: a line protecting every facet of the environment in its natural state from oil and natural gas development. At Amoco, we believe that energy can be produced on these lands while maintaining their natural integrity.

The environment can live with oil and gas development.
Now don't get us wrong. We are not for the wholesale exploitation of America's natural wilderness. But we would like to be able to explore public lands to find those having the potential for holding oil and natural gas deposits. Further, we'd like to be permitted to drill on those lands where large quantities of oil and natural gas are most likely to be found.

Amoco believes that America can't afford to cut itself off from any opportunity to increase its energy reserves. Because producing secure American petroleum supplies is the best way to lessen the influence that foreign oil producers have on every American's standard of living.

America runs better on American oil.

AMOCO

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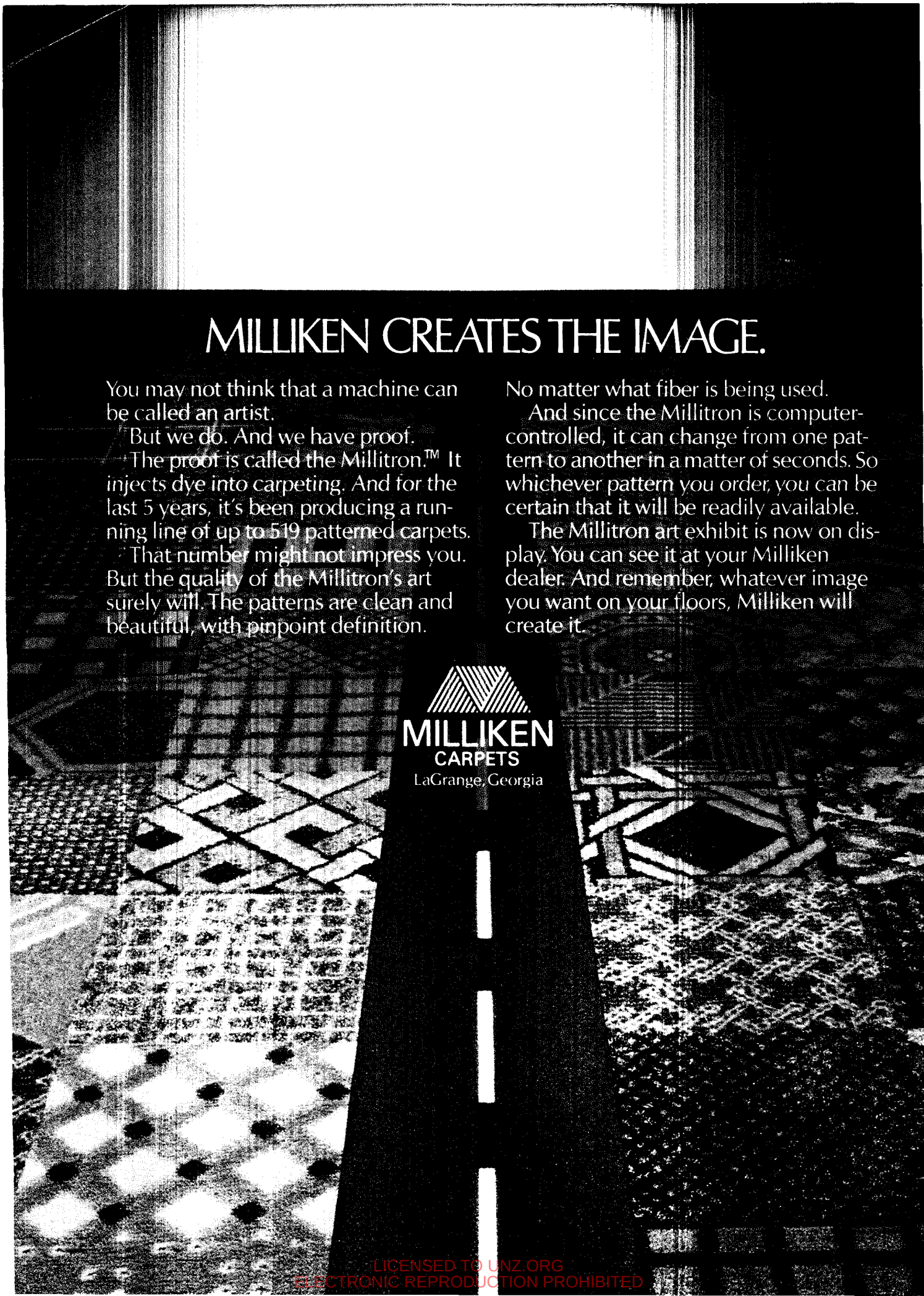

MILLIKEN CREATES THE IMAGE.

You may not think that a machine can be called an artist.

But we do. And we have proof.

The proof is called the Millitron.™ It injects dye into carpeting. And for the last 5 years, it's been producing a running line of up to 519 patterned carpets.

That number might not impress you. But the quality of the Millitron's art surely will. The patterns are clean and beautiful, with pinpoint definition.

No matter what fiber is being used.

And since the Millitron is computer-controlled, it can change from one pattern to another in a matter of seconds. So whichever pattern you order, you can be certain that it will be readily available.

The Millitron art exhibit is now on display. You can see it at your Milliken dealer. And remember, whatever image you want on your floors, Milliken will create it.

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CARPETS
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